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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REFORMED CHURCH MESSENGER

Christmas Number

Christmas Night

The night wind sways the grass upon the hill—
The withered grass that frosts have left so brown—
The air is clear and crisp and strangely still,
While from the heavens hosts of stars look down.

My thoughts stray somehow to that other night,
That Christmas night so many years ago,
When shepherds on the hills beheld a Light—
A Light that set the whole wide world aglow!

A Light that warmed men's cold and selfish hearts,
That stirred the fires of Hope, almost burned out,
That brought release from bonds of sin and shame,
That marked the Way—and left it clear of Doubt . . .

Once more the world is plunged in darkness deep—
Oh, God, the fires of Hope are almost dead;
Doubt and Despair a rendezvous do keep;
While children go unclothed, and cry for bread!

Once more, Dear Father, light a shining Star
To lead our faltering footsteps back to Thee—
Whose glow shall reach across the world afar,
Relight men's hopes, and bring—SERENITY!

—Grace Harner Poffenberger.

The Christmas of the Poor

I'm glad it was the shepherds,
Alone on Christmas night,
Who heard the song of angels,
And who saw the wondrous light.

The Wise Men came from far off
And brought their gift of gold,
But it was the poor and humble
Heard that sweetest story told.

Oh, poor and lonely children,
Who tread life's rugged way,
You too may see the glory
That was born on earth that day.

—M. D. T.



Christmas Decorations at Old Salem Church, Harrisburg, Pa.,
Rev. J. N. Le Van, D.D., pastor.



PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 15, 1932

ONE BOOK A WEEK

MODERN PREACHING

During the last few years there have been eight or ten volumes of collected sermons—generally “great sermons of the year,” published, as well as many volumes of collected sermons of one preacher. Also some religious papers make a practice of publishing a sermon each week, as “The Living Church,” for instance. It is a daily habit of the growing papers to report sermons at some length on Monday mornings. The “New York Times,” for instance, devotes a whole page each Monday to reports of sermons and “The Brooklyn Daily Eagle” prints Mondays four or five sermons in full. Through all these agencies one can get a rather trustworthy survey of modern preaching. In addition to these sources, however, The Macmillan Co., of New York, has just published a volume of twenty-five sermons, which furnish a very valuable cross section of American preaching, for they come, on the whole, from what one might call the average preacher. I mean by that, the preacher who is doing able, constructive work in scores of towns in the United States. In this volume only three or four of the preachers whose sermons are given are generally known beyond their own parishes. They may, then, well be called representative sermons.

Last year a group of preachers, headed by Dr. Edwin A. McAlpin, offered a prize of \$500 for the best sermon. About 700 sermons were submitted. They represented twenty-eight communions and nearly every state in the union. More came from the younger preachers than from the elder. Not many came from the widely-known and popular preachers. They came in all shapes and forms from rather crude, skeleton notes, to carefully written products. Some had evidently been preached extemporaneously; others had been sent in as read in the pulpit. Out of these seven hundred sermons the editors chose the twenty-five best sermons, one of them, of course, being the prize-winning sermon of Rev. Hermon F. Reissig, of the King's Way Congregational Church,

Brooklyn, N. Y., and they have just been given to the pulpit under the title of “Prize Sermons.”

I have read these twenty-five sermons with great interest, because, as I said, they may be taken as representative of the best preaching going on, not in our famous metropolitan pulpits, but all over the country; and I would like to make one or two observations about modern preaching as reflected in these sermons.

First of all, it is very intimate and direct. There is very little oratory or rhetoric in it. One will find hardly one of the great sentences or periods that one finds in the printed sermons of our fathers. But what the style loses in beauty—and one must confess that in these twenty-five sermons there is very little beauty or distinction in the style—it gains in directness and persuasion. “In gentleness and quietness shall be my strength” seems to be the motto of the modern preacher. These sermons are the helpfully intimate, counselling word of a father to his children.

Secondly: I find the Biblical basis present in practically every sermon in this collection. Whether the sermon be topical or not, it starts from a text and generally is an exposition of the thought within the text. On the whole, this is good, for expository preaching holds the preacher to great themes. The purely topical preacher is apt rather to harp on one theme, on some one phase of religion or reform in which he is particularly interested, or go groping about looking for striking and sensational themes. He who takes texts and makes his sermons the unfolding of their messages, is apt to have both variety and the note of greatness in his preaching, especially if he can confirm the text out of his own real and tried religious experience.

Thirdly: While on this subject, I note with pleasure that most of these sermons deal with the great and fundamental things of life and religion. You cannot have great preaching on little, insignificant truths. These preachers seem to have realized this. Note the topic of the prize-

winning sermon by Mr. Reissig: “What Does It Mean to Believe in God?” The other sermons deal with such themes as “Vision and Life,” “Unshakable Things,” “The Secret of Mighty Living,” “The Quest of Security,” “The Perspective of the Stars,” “A Door Opened in Heaven,” “The Logic of the Living Christ.” These are great and fundamental things and make preaching sublime and noble. I have the sermon topics for next Sunday in the New York pulpit before me as I write. I note with interest that in every case the outstanding preachers: Fosdick, Cadman, Coffin, MacLeod, Merrill, Buttrick, Gates, Fether Williams, Reiland, Howard, Sockman, and the others are dealing with great themes. They always are. It is one secret of their greatness. He who lives in great thoughts comes to think greatly.

Fourthly: Once more I find the evangelistic note in most of these sermons. I use the word in its biggest sense—perhaps “evangelical” is a better word. What I mean is that there is “gospel” here. These sermons are “preaching,” not essays. A sermon, in general, is the delivery of a message. It is good news, and not discussion of a topic. There are times when a problem has to be discussed, a perplexity resolved, a position defended, but in general a sermon is the proclamation of good news, and these sermons meet the test.

A final word: These sermons are not great sermons, but they are good preaching. Practically all of them lack that distinction and beauty of style that must accompany profundity of thought to make a sermon really great. I suppose the growing habit of extemporaneous preaching is detrimental to style. That it need not be one can see in a moment by turning to such a volume of sermons as that recently given to the country by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton: “The Angel in the Soul.” Style is not all genius. It comes from careful and continued writing, although a touch of poetry in the soul of the writer is a great help.

Frederick Lynch

A LETTER FROM CHINA

(The writer of this interesting report is the wife of one of our missionaries and the sister of the famous writer, Mrs. Pearl Buck)

Dear Friends at Home:

About the middle of August the members of your China Mission met for their annual meeting in Kuling, Kiangsi. The circle was so small—and that with only three absent—that if one paused to look around, his heart misgave him, but if he could keep from the fatal counting and listen to what was told of work accomplished and prospects for growth, there burned within him a sense of power and of joy at being one of the meagre group. So few are we in numbers and so many are the demands for work in various lines that there has come into being a sort of fatalism among us—not the fatalism of failure but the fatalism that few as we are—and increasingly fewer with illness taking toll—we may not, will not, cannot weaken at this time or opportunity. If you could but see it, you would understand. Nothing matters now but that we go on and prove the value of Christ in this hour of China. Nothing matters but that we press on and on and on—if without other helpers, then alone—Christians in China striving to meet the demands put

upon every Christian here. That is the sort of fatalism that has come upon us and I wish I could make you feel it as we felt it in our little group. It is not a spirit that demands great growth in building and equipment—that time is past, I think—it is a spirit that demands greater co-operation, greater understanding, greater adaptation, greater tolerance. Money is not involved, but love and patience are. This is the spirit of the new fatalism—a fatalism of progress and success rather than of failure—for we cannot fail, we dare not.

But, you may be saying, what of wars and Communists and famines, and all these things which make growth impossible? Yes, we have had them all this past year, but just the same our records show increased enrollment in all our schools, increased service by our dispensaries and hospital, increased membership in our Churches and besides, several new phases of work—four-men-teams for country work, agricultural extension schools, thousand character schools, daily vacation Bible schools, greater shares in union institutions, and everywhere a new spirit of progress. One of our Yochow field evangelists, who was raided by Communists last winter, was raided again a month ago, but at our Yochow Evangelists' Institute last week ago was as enthusiastic as ever

over his Church work and his ten night schools. Wars we have, and Communists we have, and famines we are only just recovering from, but life goes on; and so there is hope and work to do. Things do not stop here for a war nor a flood—they go on and on and on.

Our China field reports 29 outstations with resident evangelists, 4 points without, a total communicant membership of 677, an enrollment in catechetical classes of 179, a carry-on spirit in all phases of the Church work and the beginnings of a sense of responsibility. To speak of the statistics of Church membership and the like, is not, however, necessarily a measure of the leaven which is at work and I feel that it is less and less so. More and more is it and will it be true that it is not only those who say “Lord, Lord,” who enter into the Kingdom. In so many other ways His spirit is at work, ways which are inarticulate when it comes to professions of repentance and faith, but which shine forth on us all when it comes to works. This, too, is symbolic of the change which is coming in China, and mayhap, everywhere.

Our dispensary in Shenchow gave 12,950 treatments during the year, with Mrs. Hilgeman alone responsible. We are more

(Continued on Page 30)

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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

Never was there a Christmastide in America when the spirit of Christmas was more needed. The very thought of happiness seems to many like a hollow mockery. There are those in whom the reminders of the glad holiday will arouse only a cynical sneer. "Can Christmas, 1932, be a real Christmas to people in such anxiety, doubt or suffering?" To this query the good Abbé Ernest Dimnet replies in the *Cosmopolitan* with the chastening counsel that the secret of happiness is not to be found in outward circumstances; it is a *quality of the human spirit*. We can have a rare and beautiful Christmas, he reminds us, for "to know how to make the most of a little is to possess the philosopher's stone." These words of the Abbé deserve to be remembered: "If there has been in the United States a phenomenon surprising to the observer, it is in millions of homes the adaptation of happiness to a modicum of worldly success, during the past two years. Is not this satisfaction with little and this passing from pleasure to contentment a marvelous gift? Can we give our children a rarer present than the art of looking for happiness *inside us*, instead of chasing mirages? And by enriching them at such little expense, shall we not also be giving the world what it needs more than vast estates?"

In Hugh Redwood's great book, *God in the Slums*, a British journalist's tribute to the blessed work of the Salvation Army in London, one of the lovely stories is that of a home of miserable poverty where the most highly prized of all the family treasures is a picture on the wall, a picture of Jesus. It is not a work of art, only a cheap print in a cheap frame. The real work of art in that home, so pitifully bare but so scrupulously clean, is the woman to whom that picture stands for the unfailing presence of her Saviour. She saw that picture one day in the window of a little pawn-shop, among the things that had not been redeemed and were now for sale. It grieved her deeply to see this picture of Jesus in that place. It seemed as if He Who had died for her were somehow "in pawn" and might be sold to someone who did not love Him. So she set out to walk to the other end of London to borrow a shilling from her daughter, determined to secure that picture, though food and coal were scarce at her home. To

her distress, the man told her the price of the picture was 18 pence. But when she burst into tears of disappointment, he said: "If you want it as much as that, you can have it." And now for a long time that poor print had testified in her humble home that she was not poor, alone and forsaken, but rich with the joy and glory of a child of God. In her heart thrilled the same song which was sung by the aged colored man, working at his back-breaking toil in the ditch:

"I'se de child of a King,
De child of a King,
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'se de child of a King."

As a human interest story for this Christmas of 1932, we commend to you "The Man God Forgot", written for the MESSENGER by Mr. William H. Leach, of *Church Management*. We hope not one of our readers will miss it (see page 7.) It is but another reminder of the *only sure foundation* in such a time as this. There is no hope for this sick world except in Him Who became poor for us, that we through His poverty might be made rich. If the picture of Jesus is in *our hearts*, we too can have a happy Christmas.

* * *

TOYING WITH WAR

We are naturally thinking of Christmas toys these days. In this connection we were interested in reading what Mrs. Corbett Ashby, British substitute delegate to the Disarmament Conference, says with regard to the need for the early training of children to think naturally in terms of peace, rather than in terms of war. It is surprising to find that leading manufacturers of toys are still turning out war-like toys as fast as they can be produced to keep pace with the demand. In the face of the growing realization of the necessity for disarmament, there appears to be no let-up in the sale of toy soldiers, forts, battleships and mechanical tanks. Can it be true, as some one has concluded, that the general public, which is said to be definitely opposed to war, is unwittingly fostering the ideas of war in the hearts of the coming generation? We are told that a young German woman, weary of witnessing the sufferings still resulting from the hostilities that ended fourteen years ago, recently

brought to the notice of British manufacturers peace games that she had originated and designed, but found herself up against the determined belief that "peace games would not sell". Is it not true, as the *Christian Science Monitor* declares, that "the nursery is the world in miniature, and the Peter who winds up the tank he has been given at Christmas in order that it may demolish the fort just presented to John is the same Peter who may be influenced to do precisely the same things, though on a larger scale, to the possessions of other Johns in the future?"

But even more destructive in its influence than the making of war-like toys is the reckless and often bitter chauvinism of some Congressmen and other blind leaders of the people, who are speaking about the war debts in a way which can only lead to the gravest trouble and cannot heal a single wound in this confused and bewildered world. It is indeed true that the attitude of indifference, impotence and obstinate obstruction in Washington about the effects of war debts, not only on currencies, trade and prices, but on human welfare and the future peace of the world, is "a kind of tragic lunacy." Surely such men are also toying with war, and the Christian Church must be deeply concerned about the seeds of suspicion and hatred, which are being sown by so many loud-mouthed spokesmen who pose as super-patriots in this time of peril.

We cannot do better than to remind all our readers of these momentous words of Mr. Walter Lippmann which we believe to be as wise as they are grave: "What they are doing is, unconsciously, innocently, but ruthlessly, to batter down the fragile supports of reconstruction and recovery. In the foreground of their attack are the currencies of half the world, which depends upon sterling, and the Lausanne settlement, which is the cornerstone of the new Europe arising from the ruin and hatred of the war. It seems almost incredible that responsible men should fail to see that if they devastate the principal currency of the world and undo the accomplishment at Lausanne they are destroying more than any installment on any debt can conceivably compensate for. But the destructiveness of the attack does not stop there. In a world which is bleeding with its wounds, in a world threatened on all its flanks by war and revolution, they cry out for a policy to divide, to disunite, to disorganize the common action of the strongest and most advanced nations. How do they expect peace to return to this troubled earth if the British, French and American democracies get into a brawl over the immediate payment of a few dollars? Around what center of order is the world to cohere once more if the three great powers that are still masters in their own houses are to be set one against the other? What is the good of talking about disarmament and world economic conferences and the maintenance of treaties in Asia if, at the very heart of western civilization, the democracies have not the sympathy, the intelligence, and the self-restraint to sit down like gentlemen and discuss a debt? It is a spectacle for the ironic gods. For a little heap of gold these men who profess to defend our interests choose to risk in a frivolous gamble the hard-won achievements of revival and hope. They cannot realize what they are doing. They cannot know the hazards they are inviting. For otherwise even the timid among them would take courage and the brash would become silent, merely out of pity for the plight of men."

What a worth while Christmas gift it would be if the spirit of Jesus Himself were to prevail in the councils of the nations! It is a time for all who love and serve Him to watch and pray, lest any of us be tempted to say or do something which may hinder or delay the reign of the Prince of Peace.

* * *

POOR SANTA!

It is to be hoped that all right-minded folks, including all good little children, will this year have the proper degree of pity in their hearts for Santa Claus. Mr. H. I. Phillips, genial columnist of the *New York Sun*, says that Santa has sent a letter to Washington, in which he makes a pitiful plea for help. He does not exactly "ask for cancellation", but he does "propose a moratorium". Santa states that for many years he "came across" gladly and without any great

trouble, but last year the strain was almost too much for him, and this year he confesses he is in a panic, because some time between 12 P. M. on December 24 and 9 A. M. on December 25th, the poor fellow is supposed to meet obligations of such magnitude that the very thought of them unnerves him. No wonder Santa doesn't see how he can pay. It has surely been a tough year with him. He goes on to say in this letter that his toy designers have been working only two days a week, most of his shops have been closed all summer, there are pay cuts in all departments, and the correspondence bureau is so undermanned that he hasn't even been able to answer thirty per cent of the letters from little children.

Mr. S. Claus then goes on to say: "I have had practically no personal income for the past year, and have been compelled to economize as never before. I am wearing the same red suit I wore in 1929, my toes are through my boots, and I am getting along with one mitten. In addition to all this, all my reindeer except Donder and Blitzen have starved to death, and those two are pretty sick."

Santa declares that he discussed this trouble informally with the President-elect of the United States, but Mr. Roosevelt rather coolly took the position that it "was not his baby", and the responsibility will not be his until next year. Therefore, Santa feels that he is "on the spot" as never before, and he wants advice, pity and practical help.

Well, all we can say to you folks who are expecting presents is this: *Have a heart for poor Santa!*

* * *

WE TOO WANT RE-PEAL!

We, too, want re-peal! Re-peal Prohibition!

Re-peal and re-peal the long story of the international struggle against the saloon! Re-peal out the whole story of the failures of local option and State control!

Re-peal it from Church belfries and town halls and market-places! The bells we now hear have a strange sound—and the sound comes from strange places. Perhaps it is a tolling.

In a time of troubled depression, the only cry we seem to hear is "Beer!" Beer will remove national and State deficits. Beer will remove unemployment. Beer will remove racketeering. Beer will restore the faith of people in law and order. Beer will satisfy all social and economic needs. What a marvelous thing is beer!

Perhaps in this critical time people are really more thirsty than hungry. Perhaps they are more anxious to escape realities by intoxication than to face them by sensible policies.

How tragic is the spectacle of a great modern nation, facing critical times, relying upon intoxicating drinks to guarantee solvency and law and order! Can a nation drink itself to balanced budgets and law and order? Must a modern nation drink in order to eat? Must it allow drunkenness in order to secure peace and tranquillity among its people? Is our whole social and economic order founded upon the indispensability of liquor? Is the modern slogan this: "Drink, drink, and be merry, and tomorrow we'll have money and jobs?" Does financial solvency demand spiritual bankruptcy? To save our economic order must we break down the moral order?

Over our nation the people are clamoring for their beer. Perhaps they will get it—but not as soon or as easily as they think. All good citizens, however doubting and uneasy, hope that beer will bring its Utopia, its blissful era of liquid joy. Repeal! is the cry.

But there is enough to give these clamoring multitudes pause. How, for example, will the danger to the motoring public be avoided? What if tragic accidents increase? What recourse have we then? Must we hear ambulances rushing frantically about our streets? Must we be driven from the road by tipsy motorists? Will those who drink always remember not to drive?

How will the danger to the home be avoided? Is there enough for both one's fill of beer—and for one's wife and children? Is there enough to satisfy one's craving for liquor and the desire for education and moral progress?

How will the danger to essential, fundamental industries be avoided? When the old order was in force, was it not

often true that money which should have gone for food, clothing, and shelter went simply to the breweries?

Have we forgotten these things—or have we ways of avoiding them?

We, too, want re-peat! We want this message to be kept ringing in the ears of the nation. We want the bells of common sense to make them come to themselves. We want the story of liquor to be made clear to them. We want them to understand the ominous ring in these wild bells of repeal. In our delicately adjusted, complicated order of existence, where is there a place for self-indulgence and intoxication? In our business life today, where is there a place for the debauched life, the clouded intelligence? In our social life today, where is there a place for the disgusting, control-less vagrant?

People are determined to get their beer. Perhaps they will get more than they asked for. Perhaps they will lose something else of inestimable value. But the process of educating a nation is slow. They will finally learn—and we pray that their lesson may not be too long in the teaching nor too tragic in the learning.

—RICHARD K. MORTON.

* * *

MEMORY HYMNS FOR 1933

So many have revealed a continuing interest in the monthly Memory Hymns, which have become an established institution in quite a number of our Reformed congregations and Church Schools and which are printed either in congregational bulletins or in some other form for local use by a number of our pastors and Church workers, that we are continuing their use for 1933. We hope that many more will adopt the custom of using the Memory Hymn, with an exposition of the history of the hymn and its author, and that Sunday School Classes will continue to call for recruits among those willing to commit the hymns to memory.

That useful publication, *The Almanac and Year Book*, again gives a valuable list of colors and suggested hymns for the Church Year, the first of these being the Memory Hymn for each month. For your convenience we are giving here the list suggested for 1933, together with the numbers of the hymns in the *Hymnal of the Reformed Church*:

January—"My Jesus, I Love Thee" (643).
February—"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" (366).
March—"Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross" (647).
April—"The Day of Resurrection" (184).
May—"In the Hour of Trial" (407).
June—"Dwell in Me, O Blessed Spirit" (650).
July—"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand" (553).
August—"Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" (384).
September—"What a Friend We Have in Jesus" (318).
October—"If Christ is Mine, Then All in Mine" (281).
November—"Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs" (315).
December—"Hark, What Mean Those Holy Voices" (123).

* * *

CHURCH HAS NO APPEAL

From time to time certain supposed authorities in religious matters have said that many people do not attend the Church services or unite with the Church because the Church offers nothing which appeals to them.

Judging from some Church advertisements, many pastors have accepted the pronouncement of the "authorities" and have made appeals such as "Hymns with Jazz Tunes", "Music On a Saw", "Special Music by Negro Minstrels", etc. So far, no pastor has advertised "A Galaxy of Bathing Beauties from Our Own City", which undoubtedly would have a strong appeal for many.

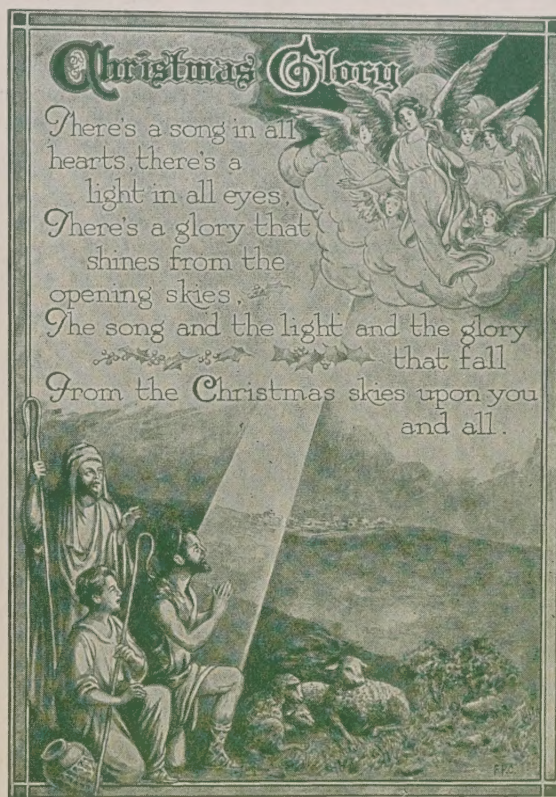
The idea that the Church should offer those things which appeal to men is fallacious, for things which appeal to men are many and extremely diverse. There is only one legitimate offering of the Church to men, and that is Jesus Christ the Saviour of men. If the Church does not appeal to men, then to endeavor to win men into the Church by worldly methods is to humiliate Christ, to stultify the Church, and to dishonor the ministry.

At Athens St. Paul tried to offer to men what appealed

to them—philosophy and logic. It was his one and only experiment along that line. It must have been extremely disconcerting, for, later on, he spoke of how "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

St. Paul offered Christ to men. Christ was the one who was to appeal to men, not St. Paul. St. Paul is considered as being eminently successful in his work, and we can conclude that there never will be a revival in the Church until Christ is the one and chief object offered by the Church, and that any other appeal than the appeal of a Christ crucified for the sins of the world is a prostituted appeal. When the Church offers Christ to men, it is offering the supreme offering.

The Church does not, or should not, if it is true to its heritage, offer to men what appeals to them, but must offer



what man needs—a Saviour. When this need is met fully, then the things which will appeal will be the love of Christ and the work of His Kingdom.

—Now and Then.

* * *

EXPOSED

This time of testing has uncovered many things; it has also uncovered many folks. We have had revelations that were gratifying to the human spirit, in the way burdens have been nobly borne and keenest disappointments and losses have failed to crush the spirit of the valiant. We have also had revelations, alas, which have brought sorrow and shame, in that men and institutions we had trusted were shown to be unworthy of such trust. In a recent poem of but a few lines, entitled "The Self-Seeker", Mr. Stanton A. Coblentz has clearly portrayed this tragic story, in the *New York Sun*, a sordid tale which has been too often repeated during these recent days:

"With sharp betrayal, for his own sly ends,
He duped his thousands, when he thought it paid . . .
Till, lone and weary, lacking love and friends,
He found himself the dupe he most betrayed."

* * *

A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE

Few men in our time have done so much to point out the distinctive spheres of religion and science and to reveal how these great activities of the human spirit supplement and complement one another, as that eminent physicist and Churchman, Dr. Robert A. Millikan. A few weeks ago the distinguished service medal of the Roosevelt Memorial Association was bestowed upon Dr. Millikan, who has already

won the Nobel Prize and is held in highest honor by scholars all over the world. In bestowing this medal the noteworthy citation by former Secretary of the Interior, James R. Garfield, was so apt and just a tribute to one of the foremost living Christian scientists, that it deserves to be held in remembrance. It is as follows:

"The Roosevelt Medal for distinguished service has been awarded this year in only one domain, the field of science. For this medal, I have the honor to present the name of a scholar, a teacher, a mentor of scholars, a master of research, a scientist imaginative and pertinacious, who has explored both the infinitely vast and the infinitesimally minute, returning from sidereal space with the secret of the cosmic ray, from the crashing of worlds within the molecule with the secret of the electron's speed, *a prophet of the new time, bearing to bewildered man, alike from atom and from star, news of the presence and the goodness of God.*"

* * *

BROTHERHOOD OR DEATH

Abraham and Lot lived in a day when acres upon acres of land lay unused. We are not detracting from the generous spirit which Christians have always ascribed to Abraham when we say that it was comparatively easy for him to settle with Lot a quarrel about pasturage. In a sense he and Lot could escape the necessity of being brotherly by separating their flocks and their families and living apart from each other. But it is impossible today, in a world where men are compelled to rub elbows with each other constantly, to settle difficulties by avoiding them. Living at close quarters, we must either learn to work harmoniously with our neighbors, or take the evil consequences of our failure thus to adjust our intimate relationships.

It is true, of course, that we still try to settle quarrels by separation rather than by adjustment. Here, for example, is the impulsive elder who falls out with his fellow-members of the Consistory and straightway betakes himself to another congregation. He realizes later that running away from the necessity of being brotherly does not actually solve difficulties. He is unhappy in his new fellowships. He is hounded by a feeling that he has betrayed old loyalties. His daily dealings with his former friends are strained and unpleasant. He begins to wish that he had not been so precipitate in his judgment so ready to avoid "facing the music". But he can scarcely return to the old fold for fear of contempt on the part of both his new and his old associates. Instead of resolving a spiritual difficulty by running away from it, he has added a score of difficulties to his first.

What is true of our personal associations is equally true of the relations of government and industry, and of nation and nation. It is idle to try to keep industry out of government or government out of industry. No Abrahamic solution can be found for this modern problem. Our attempt within the last few years to refrain from governmental regulation and control of industry, has had the practical effect of ranging government on the side of employers and financiers in their struggles with employees and consumers. Tariffs, tax refunds and the loans of huge credit corporations have been doled out to the rich all the while we were stubbornly refusing direct aid to the unemployed men and women of the breadlines. Safely entrenched behind this governmental policy, the rich have refused to contribute to local relief funds or have contributed meagrely and hesitantly. It is simply impossible to maintain the fiction that people can continuously divorce their political and their industrial activities. And surely all the world may now plainly see that nations are in the same condition as individuals, that they must either learn to live in fraternity or submit to the slow suicide of international maladjustment.

—F. D. W.

* * *

GLORIFYING THE COMMONPLACE

Iseki San and I were touring the stations back of the mountains. His sermons were fine, too fine; most of them went over the heads of our audiences. Our last stand was at headquarters, at Tonusu. There one of the Christians begged him: "Don't preach us a sermon; just tell us your

personal experience." He was loath to do so, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded. What a treat that talk was!

I had just sent to Philadelphia some account of that experience which had been published as a tract. But when I heard his own account, I realized that I had missed the chief point: he had conquered the drab environment of his native village, and made that dismal place so much of a home that it had cost him a severe struggle to forsake it for the wider work of the Christian ministry.

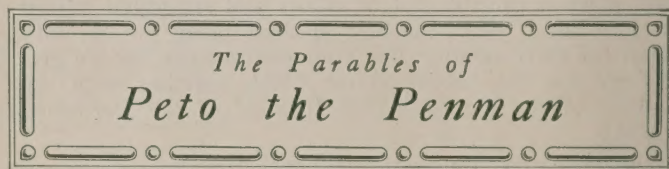
That village is like the mouth of a sewer. The filth that flows down from the city of Wakamatsu is there worked into the soil, and transformed into rice. The walls of the cottages are of mud mixed with chopped rice straw; ordinary roofs are thatched with straw; the floors are covered with mats woven of straw; every meal consists mainly of rice boiled on a furnace contrived so as to consume chaff as fuel. When the New Year's holidays come, the usual mode of celebration is to carouse, drinking sake (sah-kay), a liquor brewed from rice. Young Iseki, being a Christian, could not join in the carousing; was accounted queer, and was more or less ostracised.

Now at Wakamatsu Church one feature of the celebration of Christmas is dramatics. The young folks delight to play Joseph, Mary, the shepherds, and so forth. This gave Iseki San an idea. He persuaded some of the young men to dress up and put on a show to celebrate New Year's. This was a great success, so much so that they were asked to repeat the performance in other villages. The dolts that delighted in guzzling had to sober up so that they might get into the limelight. The outcast had become the leader.

Christianity is the religion of triumph over environment. Buddhism, it is not slanderous to say, is a religion of escape. The saint and the drunkard both have this in common: they would escape from reality. Our religion finds its Savior in a manger; its apostles in odorous fields, sheepfolds and fishboats.

—CHRISTOPHER NOSS.

* * *



THE PARABLE OF THE SILK HATS

These were the "topper" type, as they are called on Pall Mall, in dear old London. They are not much in evidence in city, town or country here in America. A dress hat was once worn much of the time by tall and portly gentlemen. They looked like Senators, the high hat adding height and dignity to the wearer. The hats in question were worn by a group of young men at a wedding. It was a "swell affair", in a large city mansion, and the guests were many, important, and soft spoken, if you know what we mean. However, though there were judges and manufacturers, preachers and rectors, and owners of large estates present among them, no one wore a silk hat; due, perhaps, to the downpour of rain that came just a bit before the wedding. So the bridegroom, the best man, and the two ushers were the only ones who stalked about in "silks", and they sure looked fine, the cynosure of all eyes. So often the undertaker looks better than the preacher.

This matter of formal dress is an interesting one, especially in these days when most men wear sack-coated suits even at formal events. The tux and the black evening suit are much frequented by college students, and at theatre parties and dances, while some clubs require these suits, which are also the badge of a waiter, and give a unity to a symphony orchestra that the varied instruments do not. Men are more or less handicapped in the matter of dress clothes, especially when you think of the variety worn by the women; morning and evening gowns, house dresses, sports clothes and alas—beach pajamas! Sartor Resartus (the Tailor Repatched) is a subject of many implications. The other evening, at a Churchmen's League meeting, a member dressed as a hobo discussed learnedly and in a popular vein the question, "Who is the Hobo's Tailor?" Clothes

may not make the man, but on the other hand, pick out the MAN on the beach—if you can. A silk hat may not proclaim the millionaire, but it does lend dignity and prestige to the wearer. And the moral is the roundabout one: the hat tops the crown, and the crown tops the mind, and the

mind is the norm of the man. Bowler, Topper, Fedora—*what do you wear under it?* We have heard the Editor say that it is being whispered that the Great American Desert is not out West somewhere, as the geographers would have us believe; it is really *under the American hat!*

The Man God Forgot

A Story of the Depression and Religious Faith

By WILLIAM H. LEACH

A one ton, noisy truck ran down Maple Avenue and turned onto Main Street. After it had turned the corner Jerry Macauley ventured from the tobacco store where he had been loafing. Through the window he had plainly seen his lathe in the body of the truck. He had saved for months to buy that lathe. But it had been a dandy and was worth it. Of course, he could not see his other tools, but he knew that they were scattered about the box of the truck. He hated to think that he was parting with the brace of blue steel chisels which his father had given him. They had cost originally eighteen dollars. He would receive one-fifty for them.

Had he looked in the dining room window as he walked by his house to the shop he would have seen Mabel, his wife, putting the thirty dollars, entire proceeds of the sale, in her purse. But he was not thinking of Mabel nor the money. She had arranged the entire details of the sale. She had bartered his tools of wood and steel, but insisted on keeping the overstuffed leather rocker which took up most of the bay window in the dining room.

Of course they needed the money. When one has not worked for months he will do most anything to get a dollar or two. Jerry would have gladly offered his heart or blood to any institution desiring them for a reasonable amount of cash. But to sell the tools, that was another matter. Mabel had never been able to understand his point of view in that respect. Of course she had her own conception of things. And she needed the cash.

From the beginning of their married life Mabel had never been able to understand his passion for his work. Jerry had taken the wooden cross and hung it on the wall of their bedroom. That had seemed the proper place for it. But they had been married but a week when he found it in the rubbish box. In its place there had been hung a picture in red and brown of a man and woman in a sport roadster. He had taken the cross then to his shop. He hung it on a nail. After all, that was the place for it. It was more than a workshop. It was a place for worship. Why shouldn't the cross hang there?

That cross marked the great epoch in the life of this man a half dozen years before he had acquired it. He had been working on the new Church. With two other trusty wood carvers he was cutting and building the fittings for the chancel. One day it was rumored that the Bishop of the diocese would be visiting the construction work. Jerry applied himself carefully to his job that the bishop might see him at his best. He was carving the panel which would go on the pulpit. A piece of wood fell from above and struck his hand. The result was a jagged cut in the cross. He laid the piece of wood aside and asked for another. It was not until then that he was aware that the Bishop had been near and had seen the whole episode.

The good man came to Jerry. "I like your work," he said. "I noticed that you were unwilling that the defective cross should go on the altar. It reminds me of the legend they tell of the Cathedral of Rheims. It seems that God sent an angel to examine the construction and to see if the laborers were worthy of their hire. One by one he asked them questions

as he went about his task. One man, when asked what he was doing there, said that he was earning five francs per day. A second replied to the question that he was trying to follow the blue print. When the question was put to a third his eyes brightened as he replied, 'I am building a temple to God.'

"You remind me of that third man," said the Bishop. "I trust that you will ever keep that ideal before you. Whether you are working on a cathedral or a home remember that the man who does his best is building a temple for God. You do your best for God and God will always do His best for you."

NOEL

By Laura Elizabeth Dickert

Lovely Christmas carols sing;
Now at last is born the King;
Jesus Christ is born this day,
In a manger far away.

Wise men now their offerings bring—
Offerings to the baby King;
Angels sing "Noel" on high;
Wondrous Star lights up the sky.

Shepherds wake and heav'nward gaze;
Angels singing, God to praise:
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men";
To them speak the angels then.

Angels bid them rise and go,
Where the Star doth blazing show,
Where He rests His baby head,
With a manger for a bed.

Come you, too, and praises bring;
Christ is born, the baby King;
Hear the angels cry "Noel,
Christ is born—and all is well!"

Reading, Pa.

That afternoon after the work was finished Jerry slipped back into the Church and picked up the defective cross. He carried it to his home. He knew that as long as he had it near him he could not forget the words of the bishop. He had never told Mabel this story. Somehow he felt sure that she could not understand.

But then why should she? A job to Mabel meant just so much money each week. That money would pay the grocer, the butcher, the clothing merchant, tickets for three matinees at the picture show and six ice cream sodas. A job meant to her just what it meant to her mother before her. It could be translated into just one thing. That was money.

Because she could not understand, Jerry had never told her the secret of his craftsmanship. He never had any trouble securing or holding a job. There had been one time, to be sure, when he had a little trouble with the foreman. They had had some words late in the afternoon. That foreman threatened to see that Jerry was fired. That night he worked in his shop. He saw the cross which was on the wall. Then it dawned on him that as long as he stood by God, God would stand by him.

He would not lose the job. Something would intervene. The next morning he went to work. The foreman was missing. He had gotten into a fight the night before and was not able to work. He never came back to the job. A new man took his place. Jerry kept his counsel to himself. But he knew why the foreman had not been able to work. God had remembered His part of the contract.

Then there had been the time when he lost his pay envelope. Mabel had been angry that night. "Shiftless do-nothing," she had shouted at him. He went to the shop for comfort. He sat by the bench and looked at the cross on the wall. He walked over to it, took it down, and gave it a new coat of shellac. He had not noticed his little son come in.

"Why do you always look at the cross, Daddy?" asked the little boy.

"It is because it makes me remember God," Jerry told him, realizing that the four year old child could not understand and so give away the secret. "I may be just a mechanic in some places but when I look at that cross I know that I am a partner with God. I remember that I am a man."

At no time did the feeling of assurance become so strong as in the first months of the depression. New construction was delayed. Buildings under construction were stopped because of lack of funds. Good mechanics were laid off and forced to be idle. Workingmen crowded union headquarters every day. Friends of Jerry's borrowed money from him and told their hard luck stories. But the depression did not touch him. He seemed to live a charmed life. He could have told others the secret but they would not understand. Once he did start to tell Mabel. But she shut him up in a hurry.

"Don't brag, Big Boy," she said. "You will be walking the streets some day yourself."

But Jerry went to the shop, looked at the cross, and knew that he would never be without work.

But one day when he was working on the new court house the foreman's whistle called the men together.

"I am sorry to report," he said, "that orders from the commissioners are that all work shall stop until the next budget is made."

That meant a lay-off, but it was not a serious one. The following Monday he was working on the new hotel. Woodwork there was limited and at the end of three weeks he was again without employment. This time the vacation was longer. He had a chance to visit with men who had been without work for months. But after ten days he secured work with a gang putting up a new barn on a nearby farm. But that work lasted but five days.

Then tragedy broke loose. It seemed that there was absolutely no work to be secured. He went from house to house soliciting repair work. He carried odd jobs back to his shop and returned them to the owners. Mabel was constantly reminding him that they must eat some way. It was up to him to find employment.

It is all right to talk employment but when one has worn his feet raw tramping the city streets he is not in a mood to

listen peacefully. Thing went from bad to worse. There was no work. At home there was no peace. And then Mabel suggested that he find a buyer for his tools.

That had cut deep but he had no defense. He had failed as a husband and a father. It was like selling his very soul. But when she told him that she had a buyer for thirty dollars he was so low in spirit that he could not even make an audible protest.

Then came the day when the tools were to be removed. He had gone to the nearby tobacco store to wait. He had seen the truck back into his yard. Every sound which came from the shop told him of the operation that was taking place. He wished he had hidden that knife he had received from his mother. But it was too late now. Besides he would be unable to explain the matter to Mabel.

He heard the truck leave, saw it turn the corner. He noticed that they had not taken his bench. He wondered why. He remembered that in the drawer of that desk there was a revolver. That gave him the answer. It had been left there for him.

So back to the shop he went. It was an empty soulless place. He closed the door and climbed upon the bench to think. But there was nothing to think about. He reached with his foot and caught the drawer. It yielded. Inside he saw the shining pistol. Then he heard the rattling of the latch on the door. He turned and faced his son, Jerry, junior.

The lad's face was hot and sweaty. In his hands he carried the cross which had hung on the wall of the shop. It had been weeks since Jerry had thought of it. The lad handed it to his father.

"Put it back on the wall, Daddy," he said. "They carried it away but it fell off the truck. Put it back on the wall so that you will think of God and remember that you are a man."

Suddenly a new light came to Jerry Macauley. He saw things plainly. The big job that he had was building a temple to God. God had not promised to always give him employment. He had agreed to make him so big a man that he could rise above any material disappointments which might come. The temple he was building was himself.

Jerry now saw it all. He kicked the drawer containing the gun so that it closed. Then taking the little boy by the hand he stepped out in the sunlight to face life with a new courage.

He was building a temple to the glory of God.

Messages of the Glad Christmastide

IN THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

(A Christmas Meditation)

Addison H. Groff

Friends, you look so different in the Christmas Starlight! But yesterday you were clerks and postmen, and delivery-men, and tired mothers and weary workmen, and business men assailed by a thousand anxieties, worn out at the close of a dull and uninspiring day.

But look at you now! You walk with a spring in your step, there is a light in your eyes and a bloom upon your cheek, and here are you and I, almost perfect strangers, about to smile and call each other "Friend." It must be the strange light of the Christmas Star that has wrought this change and made folks look so different at Christmas time!

So it was that starry night long ago.

See those shepherds! How strange they look tonight! When we last saw them they seemed dull, soulless fellows, disturbed by no divine discontent, knowing no philosophy but that good pasture makes fat sheep or that one great cause of the night is the lack of the sun, as the poet's shepherd confessed to the courtly Touchstone in the forest of Arden.

We thought them mere peasants, horny-handed, half-asleep, rude of speech. And lo, they are listening to the song of angels and moving in glory like the sons of God, upon their faces a radiant light which Raphael and Correggio shall one day catch and imprison on canvas for the ages to admire.

Ah, yes, a shepherd is not just a shepherd at Christmas time!

And is this a manger? It looks so different from any manger we have ever seen before. In this marvelous light it is more like a throne-room aglow with a million lamps. The narrow walls have fallen away as at the waving of a magic wand, for heaven is bending low tonight and all the dear sweet common things of life are wrapped in glory.

The young Mother is caught up in the same transfiguration. The journey has been long and wearying and she has lacked a nurse's care and a surgeon's skill, and her infant Son is resting upon a bed of straw. But the angels are singing and the wondrous starlight pierces even here, to cast a halo about the simple scene and to guide the countless pilgrims, kings and commons, whose footsteps even now we hear approaching—coming to lay the treasure of their worship at His feet, in a procession that shall never end.

Mother my own, you too, look so different tonight as I behold you in the



TO CELEBRATE

What does it take to celebrate
The birth of Him who bears the
weight

Of sin which He, of all the race,
Will neither honor nor embrace?

It takes a world of gratitude,
A thousand deeds both pure and
good;

It takes a midnight and a morn,
The Wise Men's word by ages borne;
It takes a humble house and hearth,
A love that spreads o'er all the
earth;

It takes a heart that throbs for all
The creatures that the world may
call

Oppressed: waifs of street and slum;
A hushed awakening on some
Blest pillow scented sweet with
prayer,

Warm tenderness and loving care;
It takes a faith, a hope, a joy
Whose infancy transformed a shed
In sacrificing for the Boy
Into a shrine for all star-led;
It takes a carol in the soul,
The songs of love that make men
whole;

It takes a sheet of driven snow—
A gift all pure, with wondrous glow;
That's what it takes to celebrate
The birth of Christ our Advocate.

Herman J. Naftzinger.

Christmas Starlight. I see you unwearied at the close of the long day. I catch the odors of the Christmas kitchen and note the sly smiles and innocent deceits that are to end in happy surprises on Christmas morning. Where now is weariness and care? The strange light has touched you with grace and beauty as from another world.

And a baby is not just a baby at Christmas-time. He is rather a promise from the Father that the sun is rising, a new world is coming into being and all who believe can knock on the door that opens upon the Land of Beginning Again. For heaven may be as close to us as starlight and a baby's smile.

Home looks so different in this magic light. Never do the absent miss their homes so much as at Christmas-time. For a home is not just a home at Christmas-time. It is an enchanted garden where age forgets its cunning and catches wisdom from the lips of babes. It is a fairyland sparkling with jewels, a shrine with angels singing the darkness and gloom away, a walk for the sin-sick care-worn sons of men, if but for a moment, in the Paradise of God.

And now the Starlight fades into the light of common day. Ah, it shall never be common again. Never shall that night's music die away. We shall hear it in our hearts forever. Always and always—Starlight and Angel-song!

THE HIDDEN CHARMS OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

S. E. Stofflett, D.D.

In the worldly calendar the Christmas season comes for us in the middle of winter. For reasons known or unknown, people at this time feel an inward awakening, a pleasant sensation, similar to that which one feels when winter terminates and genial spring begins. It may seem strange and contrary to the human way of thinking, but for the enjoyment of happiness and pleasantness, winter compares equally with spring. We all know that each season of the year has its peculiar charms, and each month its own pleasures.

The charms of spring are truly enchanting. Poets have sung of them; youth and maiden turn hearts of love to them; heaven's songsters fill the air with their chants of praise to their Creator because of them; and the resurrection of life on every side proclaims them. The soft and gentle zephyrs from the south put new life and spirit into blood and nerve and muscle. It is the pulsations of the new blood of life that men experience. People pro-

claim springtime the richest and most glorious season of the year. Its grandeur consists in the budding and flowering of the natural world, and it thrills us when it puts forth its glories and charms.

But the season of winter through which we are now passing has also joys and charms of its own. Spring may have its natural charms, but winter has its spiritual charms. Grace is superior to nature, and heaven is higher than earth. At Christmas time heaven itself comes down and with a glow of still greater glory thrills the hearts of men. Amid fallen leaves and barren fields, amid snowclad mountains and frozen brooks, winter speaks of a beauty that shall not fade like flowering plants and blooming trees. It has a charm and happiness of its own which is eternal, and coming from the heart of God it will last when heaven and earth shall pass away. The charms of winter are higher and more glorious because the Son of God at this time came down to dwell with men, incarnate in humanity, distributing from His infant person everything that can make earth beautiful and heaven glorious. In spring nature makes the world happy with physical charms, but in winter heaven makes the world glad with spiritual charms and blessings.

Christmas coming for us in the middle of winter has a strange power over the minds of men. When all nature is frozen and its icicles hang like tear-drops on field and forest, it warms our hearts and inspires rich currents of loving charity. At the Christmas season nature may be dead, but grace and heavenly powers are active in proclaiming the coming into time and space of the eternal Son of God to dwell with men. It shows that God has a way by which the natural heart can be warmed and made merry in spite of the cold and dreary season of winter.

So every human heart in spite of the winter's sin and wickedness can be made glad. The natural world is dark and cold and dreary, within and without, but the spiritual world is alive and aglow with angelic voices, bringing to earth the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. These are the things which are more lasting, because they are more heavenly and eternal.

The real concern of every one ought to be to learn the true nature of the Christmas charms. They cannot be purchased with money; they are not gotten by receiving or giving of presents; they cannot be earned by good works; they do not come by the power of intellect or the might of men. They come into this world as a gift from above. This heavenly power touches that which is heavenly in us. For this reason the Christmas joy is felt keenly by the Christian heart, for it is more open to it. When men open their hearts to Jesus He gives them power to become the Sons of God.

So Christmas is the Christian's season of goodwill and charm. It is like a blazing fire which warms all that come near it. It even makes the worldling feel the magnetic thrill of its heavenly voice. Thus winter, the spiritual alabaster box, bearing precious ointment of great value, when broken by the hoar-frosts of the Ice King, sends forth a perfume which fills the earth with its precious fragrance.

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

No more let sins and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found."

Hazleton, Pa.

A GROWN-UP'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Richard K. Morton

Dear Santa:

I believe whole-heartedly in your spirit

and your work. You certainly visited us last year. We are looking forward to your return visit this year.

In order that your visit might be more pleasant and might accomplish more, I thought that I would write you this letter.

You would be amused, I know, to know that there are those here—as in other places—who think of you primarily in terms of red coats, boots, whiskers, and loaded bags! Isn't that positively funny? And I have heard all sorts of doubting rumors and legends which seek to destroy our faith in you. So I want you to know that there are those of us who understand the deeper value of your work and the true existence of your generous and kindly spirit.

I regret to tell you that, while we have lots of good children here, the older folks have not been quite so good. I remember that you have always had difficulty getting

O SHEPHERD—JOY!

B. F. M. Sours

No years destroy that night of joy
When angel hosts came down,
And told the Jews the happy news
Outside of Bethlehem town.

Near David's town there journeyed down
The host of shining ones,
And shepherds there forgot their care—
Still Israel's loyal sons.

And quick they came, and glory's flame
Still lights the years afar
Before the Wise in hovering skies
Beheld the glory-Star.

O shepherds, ye so loyally
Came from the brake and wild,
And lo! behold!—O tale of gold—
Here lies the Holy Child!

Behold! Behold! O joy of old
That never can grow dim!
To sheep and lambs go back with psalms,
But tell the world of Him!

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

a local branch office and helpers in your Christmas work. Of course, you come only when people are so busy carrying on in your name, that they have no time to stand around or gaze up chimneys or look behind doors for you. I remember, too, how badly you felt in other years when you saw older folks running around in red coats and whiskers and yet not acting at all the way you would. Do you remember some of those folks who tried to impersonate you? Do you remember that suit that was too large, and those funny whiskers? And isn't it queer that some older folks think that when they have a suit like yours, they have you? But every year I know you have people acting in your name who do not wear bright suits or carry bags. Especially I remember that older brother who tried to help you minister to his younger brothers and sisters. Didn't that touch you?

Your spirit is not one whit older than the other years—and you are just as ready to help us all, I know. Now when you come this year into our hearts and homes, I should like to have you keep these requests of mine in mind. In the first place, show us all how we can carry on in your spirit after Christmas is over. Show us your spirit and lay less emphasis upon the weight of your bag. Help us to be more interested in what your spirit does than where you came from, or how you get here. Set aright those parents who are so busy trying to laden their children's stockings that they neglect to fill their

hearts with love. Make these parents more interested in imitating your spirit than simply in trying to get whiskers and coats like yours.

Instead of being preoccupied with legends, we want this season to lead us to great truths. Instead of gifts we would understand the spirit of giving. We are getting very anxious about what we are going to give folks, and we know that we need to be concerned about what we are going to receive in a spiritual way. Help us to preserve the religious element in Christmas, and to think of Bethlehem more than the North Pole. Help us to remember that this is really a birthday, and that we are receiving a Child into our hearts rather than the visit of a generous old fellow like yourself. It takes more than a lighted Christmas tree to illuminate a home, doesn't it? It takes more than material gifts to give us the spirit of Christmas.

I wish that you would bring me this year a greater effectiveness in making this a happy season for all children, and point out to me the most needy and worthy cases. I want you to come here—but I also want to go with you to other places. Tell me your secret, Santa Claus, and let me bring to others at least some of the joy you bring. Keep me from the foolish notion that I can buy Christmas in the stores, or that I can have it merely by going out and getting a hemlock tree and decorating it and putting gifts around it. You are a man of few words—as a matter of fact, I cannot recall that you ever issued an official message. You exist to us, then, largely in terms of what you have done for us.

I hope that you will be sure to visit some of those older young people who fancy themselves so smart and modern that they do not believe in your work at all. I hope also that you will visit those parents who make a great show of your coming once a year, and then never think of doing something for the inner lives of their children for the rest of the year.

We need you as never before, Santa. We see the deeper value of your work, and want to share it. We want you to come into our busy, prosaic, tired lives and bring us a new spirit.

We know how delighted the children will be, and we hope that all the older folks will be prepared for you.

Come to our homes again, Santa, with your message of love and cheer. Come even with scanty or empty bag. Come and show us the spirit that should be always in our family circle and in our community. Come and show us the way to share and labor and help—and in the wintry sky show us the Star that still guides you on your way.

Your friend and co-worker,

Richard Morton.

BORN OF MARY

Edgar F. Hoffmeier, D.D.

There are three kinds of people who are incapable of entering into the spirit of the stories which gather around the birth of Jesus. The first are those who see nothing in that which they cannot explain by natural laws; impersonal, unknowing, without purpose and with no destiny. With a tolerant smile of superior wisdom they dismiss the stories as the myths of childhood. The Fundamentalists read them only for proof to buttress his inflexible theology. His literalness cannot grasp the indefinable grace that breathes in them. Again, neither does the Modernist catch the thrill of mystery and joy and sense of God's nearness that stirs in these ineffable stories. He casts them aside because they do not fit in with his new theology always to be reconciled with science. All these are alike. They are intellectualizing what is not to be intellectualized.

These stories can be understood only if we come to them with responsiveness of heart, sanctified imagination, the release of emotion, the spirit of poetry, the sense

of invisible presences. They come from the soul of an artist, not a logician; a spiritual seer, not a maker of theologies, ancient or modern. They are works of spiritual beauty and truth, not of realistic history or science. They are to be understood by the simple, not by the wise.

Again of their own accord they come back to us with their messages. The Spirit of God, creative and loving, brooded also over the coming of that new life. Something out of the eternal entered in to reveal itself in the loving Christ, to make a new day in man's spiritual pilgrimage, a Kingdom that shall not end; something not to be explained in terms of Joseph or Mary, of family, or genealogy, or race, or time, or environment. It is the heart, "along life's weary road," that hears and understands the angels as they sing. It knows how to interpret the poetry of Angel Visitants and the Child born of Mary and of God.

Hanover, Pa.

THE REAL MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

S. R. Brenner

"This will be a poor Christmas for many," is the oft-heard statement as we approach the Christmas season. Yes, there is an undercurrent of worry, sorrow and anxiety, only too noticeable as you mingle with people. Many are troubled because they cannot afford to give the usual costly gifts to relatives and friends. Parents are saddened at the thought of disappointed, heart-broken children, whose eager expectations cannot be realized this year. For others it will be a poor Christmas, because they will not receive as many or as fine a gift as usual. Yes, Christmas will be "poor" for many—but only for those to whom the meaning of Christmas is bound up with our secularized, commercialized, paganized observance of Christmas!

The real meaning of Christmas, largely forgotten by many, is great joy in the birth of the Savior of mankind and the subsequent inception of the Kingdom of God on earth. In Bethlehem's Babe was the love of God made manifest; in Him is the assurance of final and complete victory over sin and its consequences in our individual and social life; in Him rests the only hope of man for real life both now and eternally. Confessedly, the results of Christ's coming into the world are as yet not as great as we might desire, but solely because of our human frailty. Yet, how immeasurably richer, fuller, freer our life is now, and how sure is our hope of immortality, because of His coming! Therefore the angel accompanied by the heavenly host, proclaimed: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

No, not even the "pinch of poverty," grievous and unwarranted as it is, can lessen the joy of the believer in Christ; rather will it tend to accentuate our joy and enable us to grasp more fully the real meaning of Christmas and to labor more earnestly for the full realization of our Christmas hope. The poorest, financially, may have the Christmas that is richest, spiritually. "O holy Child of Bethlehem, be born in us today!"

Bethlehem, Pa.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Ambrose M. Schmidt, D.D.

From a rather lengthy article bearing the above title, we have culled the following facts, which we believe will be of interest to our readers during this festal season:

Carols and carol-singing can be traced to the late middle ages. Many of the carols developed from hymns or sequences of the Church services in the 15th and 16th centuries. Others, dealing with episodes of the mystery plays, may have had their origin among the players. Carols were

sung in all countries of western Europe, and many of them crossed to England and thence to America, while their origin must be traced to Europe. Of the great number of English carols to which there is literary or historic references, very few survive.

"The First Nowell" and "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," are two traditional English carols that are still sung. Few of us have ever heard one of these historic carols, "The Boar's Head," which has been sung at Oxford for four centuries. Other ancient carols published in English collections are, "Come to the Manger," "A Child this Day is Born," "Angels We Have Heard on High," "The Star of Joy," "The Babe in Bethlehem's Manger Laid," "The

THE EVERLASTING

Like children in the dusk, at close of play,
We gaze into the sky and mould our moods
In fear, in awe and praise. What Power rules
Upon this firmament when men rampage
In orgies of deceit and selfishness
Or crash to earth the arts wherein was joy?

Yet comes Man's fallen hope erect again
And turns to paths the starlight shines upon.
Nor strange is it that hope, so gently stirred,
Creates its own Interpreter, Who lifts
A hand that, warning, also guides the steps,
Oft wayward, back to righteousness again,
Until a greater peace possesses men
And sends them forth to cherish nobler aim.

Thus life regains its love; and faith its zeal.
Tho all seems vain in darkness, drawing close,
The Star, beyond the grasp, tho not the sight
Of men, its message tells and sheds on all
The everlasting comfort and serenity
Which only revelation of a Gift bestows
Upon a soul cathedraled by immensity.
Thus, and thus only, the radiance
In the universal joy of men.

O Soul, let us worship Christ today!

Henry Linford Krause.

Cherry Tree Carol," etc. One of the few old carols whose origin appears to be known is the Christmas lullaby, "Lulla, la Lulla, My Sweet Little Baby," which was published by William Byrd with other songs of his, in 1588.

The air of "Good King Wenceslas" is that of an old spring carol in Latin, "Tempus Adest Floridum," of German origin. The words were written about 75 years ago by John Mason Neale, an English clergyman. A familiar Christmas hymn dating from the 17th century is the "Adeste Fideles" which is sometimes called the Portuguese Hymn, which title may or may not indicate its origin. The author of this universally sung carol is unknown. There have been many translations made of the original Latin words, several of which are in general use.

THE SECOND BETHLEHEM

Robert Thena

Again the angelic doxology rings in our ears, "There is born to you this day in the city of David, a Savior who is Christ the

Lord." Born! What a word it is! A strange mixture of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear. What is more frail than a little child? How carefully he must be handled and how patiently amidst the fretting and sensitiveness he must be cherished and nourished. A picture of helplessness. But the simplicity of this birth is but the disguise of its tremendous power. We celebrate the birth which has transformed the world. No weapon forged against the Babe of Bethlehem can prosper. No stupidities of men in social or economic life can remove that picture from the present scene. For it was a birth cradled in dire poverty and adversity. Is it not the birthday of the withered plant when the rain falls to freshen its roots? Yea, verily, to a depressed world this birth announces "Ye must be born again!" For Christ was born in you long ago. Amidst the poverty of soul as well as body He awaits the "Second Bethlehem." In the words of the Apostle Paul, "Until Christ be formed in you."

Only when we become second Bethlehems of the Lord can we really celebrate the marvels of the first Bethlehem. Let us look again and perhaps we will find Him in the stress and strain of these times. For many years the Inn has been crowded with many other interests, but now we are passing through the back streets and alleys of lesser affluence and satisfaction looking for Him who is born of the Jews. There is an unfathomable difference between a Savior born and a Savior found. Perhaps in our new found wisdom we, like the Wise Men of Song and Story, will find Him. Perhaps in these days of relative simplicity of living we, like the simple Shepherds on the Judean hillside, will find our souls awakening to sweet music. What better are we by His birth if we find Him not? What a blessed Christmas it would be to us if the impelling power of that birth would bring us to the cradle on our knees. We would be like the Wise Men offering gifts of broken and contrite hearts; like the shepherds we would become men of praise, because the Christ is born in us again.

York, Pa.

✓ TODAY'S NEED OF CHRISTMAS

Charles E. Creitz, D.D.

We are living in a sad and troubled world. Hope has gone out of many lives. "How long, O Lord, how long," is man's bitter cry.

Into such a world Christ came at His birth. The hopes of men were practically dead. The world was bewildered and confused in faith. It was looking and longing for a Deliverer. How it must have thrilled to the angel's message, "I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for there is born to you this day in the city of David, a Saviour!" A Saviour was the world's crying need.

Again the world is looking for a Deliverer from its present distress. How pathetically we turn to one leader after another in the hope of finding salvation. The statesman, the financier, the captain of industry—all have failed us. The teacher, the inventor, the social engineer have brought us little or no help. Our boasted self-sufficing has failed us in the time of our greatest need. The human leaders in whom we had placed such confidence and trust, have only revealed their feet of clay, if not their empty brains.

At such a time, Christmas is sorely needed. The world desperately needs Christmas this year, for she needs hope and encouragement and good cheer. Christ came as a Messenger from God. Yea, He was more than a messenger. He was God Incarnate, and His coming inspired men with new hope and joy. All things again looked possible through Him. His birth became a new turning point in the history of mankind. A new hope was born in men's hearts.

If the true significance of Christmas will

lay hold on our discouraged and distracted age, a new hope will be born in all men's hearts. If the Christ-spirit will be allowed to enter into the life of our world, and expel the spirit of fear and suspicion and hate, this very Christmas may become a new turning point in the history of mankind, and may help to usher in a new era of security and prosperity, of justice, brotherhood and peace.

If the world will turn from seeking its salvation in men, and in physical and material force and power, and will receive into its heart the Christmas gift and the Christmas spirit, there will come a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and a living hope will come into an age when things seem dead against us, when life is cruel and not a star is shining in our sky. Such was the hope of Jesus, and such is the hope that He inspires in all those who receive Him into their heart.

Reading, Pa.

SHARING

Harrison Lerch, Jr.

When God out of His deep love gave His Son, He was sharing with all mankind a part of Himself. Some giving means little because people give things they can give easily. Giving becomes sharing when what we give contains a part of ourselves. The dictionary meaning of "to share" is "to give a part of to others." When you and I give a part of ourselves to others, we are sharing in the finest possible way.

Shortly after the birth of the Christ-child, Wise Men from the East came to Bethlehem. When they entered that humble stable and saw the Babe "they fell down and worshiped Him." First they shared themselves. Then they shared their gifts. Their gifts were costly gifts, for they believed that only the finest was good enough. Whether the shepherds came before or after the visit of the Wise Men, we do not know. If they came afterward and learned what rare gifts were already given, they might have turned back to the fields without going in. Like other babies, the Babe Jesus cares nothing for expensive gifts. He is happiest when we share with Him ourselves—giving a part of our wonder, attention and love.

These are some of the things the shepherds shared. What can you and I share with the Christ-child? A Sunday School class of young girls is planning to spend an afternoon of Christmas week in a wonderful way. They are going to share their time, their sympathy and their love in giving a Christmas party to some little children who otherwise would have no Christmas at all. Sharing ourselves with those who need our help during this Christmas season will bring joy to the Christ-child. Will we do it?

Mercersburg, Pa.

THE DIVINE BLESSING-BEARER

Walter R. Gobrecht

The prophet Amos in one of his messages says: "Seek Him that turneth the shadow of death into morning." This descriptive clause, while not a reference to the Second Person of the Godhead, is none the less true of Him: Christ by His incarnation turned death into life, darkness into light, winter into summer, night into day. Job of old cried out in plaintive sobs: "Oh that one might plead for a man with God," and "Oh that I knew where I might find Him." That is an indication of darkness and night. But Paul in the New Testament dispensation says: "There is one mediator between God and man, Himself Christ Jesus," and John in his Gospel writes: "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." The difference between the declarations of St. Paul and St. John and that of Job is due to the coming of Christ. The Sun of Righteousness had risen with healing in His wings.

Burne-Jones tells the whole story in his painting, "The Star of Bethlehem." The picture is full of symbolism. It has two views with a marked contrast between that on the left hand and that on the right. On the right side we see bleak winter: bare trees rise stark against the snow. On the left side roses blossom; it is summer. Between the two is an angel poised on glowing wings, holding in his hands the wonderful star. The Magi are hastening out of the wintry forest. There is a wealth of detail here to be studied. Youth comes, eager and strong; middle age comes, offering up measured achievements; the old sage comes, bringing his wisdom to the Christ. One of the Magi brings money, one power, one intellect. The Christ-child is the center of the picture. It is because of Him that roses bloom and summer comes early to the land.

We are urged by the prophet to seek this Divine Blessing-Bearer. With less prospects this year for a materialistic celebration of Christmas than has existed for many years, the prospects are brighter for a spiritual celebration, and if these pros-

THE LOWLY CRIB

His crib was in a cattle shed,
As humble as a crib can be;
And yet it held a Baby blessed
O'er all the earth and sky and sea.

A Baby's crib in cattle shed—
So lowly and so far away;
Yet princes proud have thither sped
To worship in a reverent way.

So rare—a crib in cattle shed,—
Its like had never been before.
But now there is a common bed
For babes of all the lowly poor.

The crib that blessed a cattle shed
Still stands through all the passing
years,
And do we, like the Wise Men, rest
Beside it all our hopes and fears?

Herman J. Naftzinger.

pects become a reality, the blessing received from Christmas will be greater. Christmas will really be Christ-mas, not X-mas. We will experience in our own lives something of the light and life and warmth which Christ brought. This will be as it should be, for as the German mystic said, "Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, thy soul is all forlorn unless He be born in thee."

Chambersburg, Pa.

PREPARE YE THE WAY

Calvin Henry Wingert

It was John the Baptist who commanded his generation to do that, "prepare ye the way." He foretold the coming of the Saviour about whose coming Israel had many large hopes. The Saviour would deliver Israel. He would bring peace and healing to the nations. He would usher in God's rulership over the whole life of man. Therefore, John commanded preparation for Him. Rightly so, an event of such grandeur and importance should receive more than mild interest and attention.

John defined the nature of this preparation. There must be no errors, no display of bad etiquette in welcoming the King of kings. "Repent ye," this was the preparation John commanded. The people were to prepare by repenting of their grievous sins. They were to clean themselves up spiritually. They were to make their hearts, their homes, their communities decent for the Spirit of God in the person of Jesus Christ. Their preparation was to be something internal, a preparation of the soul. The

walls that divided them were to be thrown down. The selfish pursuits that enslaved them were to be given up. Exploitation, oppression, compromising, all their dishonorable devices were to be sloughed off and a new spirit towards Man and God put on. There can be no disputing about this, John's words were "Repent ye" and his baptism was a baptism "unto repentance of sins."

Alas! how woefully different our preparation is. The profound truth that God entered fully into human life in the person of Jesus Christ and revealed Himself in a Man so winsome that He commands increasing respect after two thousand years has become prosaic. The spiritual meanings for our souls have faded away. Instead of preparing ourselves internally, repenting of our great personal and still greater social sins we indulge, by way of escape, in a commercial circus. The main elements of which are buying, selling, giving, taking, tinsel, ribbon, feasting and drinking. Our nation will drift through the birth of God's Son without having repented of a single, solitary sin. Ours is a preparation that lacks purification. It is a preparation that does not prepare.

Yes, there can be spiritual value in all this. Where the heart is convinced that it does need Jesus, His way is prepared. Where the nation is convinced that "it is the way of Jesus or we perish," His way is prepared. Where liberality has ousted selfishness and greed, His way is prepared. Where discontent with respectable sinning has taken place, His way is prepared. Where love for MAN has replaced devotion to a limited circle of friends, His way is prepared. "Repent ye" only that kind of preparing is Christian. Only that kind is intelligent.

Reading, Pa.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE

Paul W. Yoh

It is strange that this beautiful saying is found in no Gospel. We are indebted to Saint Paul for this additional word of Jesus. It is to be found at the conclusion of the Apostle's farewell address to the elders of the Church at Ephesus. Acts 20:35. Paul himself had experienced this more blessed way of life and now he commands it to his hearers. It explains and justifies his conduct among them all, and it ought to inspire them likewise, "that so laboring ye ought to help the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Christmas time above all others lends itself to a practical demonstration of the verity of these words of the Christ. That it was true in His own sacrificial living is beyond question. The one thing He did receive was the assurance that in giving gifts to men He fulfilled the will of His Father and bound earth and heaven with an indissoluble love. We can only hint at the inconceivable sense of blessedness which must be profoundly enjoyed by God, who "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." Christmas giving is based largely upon the significance attached by mankind to this Gift Supreme. Can it be that the multiplied cases of need, the presence of destitution, are helping us attach deeper significance to the meaning of our gifts and to the manner of our giving?

Is it more blessed to give than to receive? Let those answer who will this Christmastide experience the happiness of this more blessed exercise. Altered circumstances will force many to discontinue the practise of exchanging gifts, a welcome relief in most cases. And now that there is greater need than ever for discrimination in giving, many who were accustomed to give and to get will join the ranks of the more blessed who "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again."

For many years rather handsome gifts were exchanged between my wife and one

of her relatives. The other day a letter came from Cousin S. and this is what she had to say: "There are so many hungry children here. I wonder if you would mind giving what you would send me this Christmas to some poor child in your Church and I will do the same here. I am sure everyone I would give to would rather make some very poor child happy than have a gift." Cousin S. is about to have a very happy Christmas, perhaps the happiest she has ever had. And she has made it possible for at least three others to share it. Two hungry children will be blessed in receiving—two women will be more blessed in giving. For this is how it works—

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."
Milton, Pa.

CHRISTMAS!

H. A. Fesperman

Christmas! How much this word means to the world! Wrapped up in this wonderful world is the story of the coming of redemption to all peoples; of good news, peace and good will to everyone; of a Divine Personality to walk with us through all our days, sharing alike our burdens, our sorrows and our joys.

Christmas! How memories of childhood are brought to the fore by this wonderful word! Christmas observances of long ago are lived over again. Once again we find ourselves in the little Church taking part in the festivities of the occasion; marching to the platform and reciting a simple verse about the new-born Babe in Bethlehem; raising child-like voices in singing the cradle hymn and beautiful Christmas carols; thrilled by the general distribution of presents in the Sunday School; awed by the candle-lit evergreen Christmas tree. Flooding upon us are memories of "the night before Christmas," a short nap in what seemed to be fairy-land; awaking in another fairy-land that had been brought into being by a good Santa Claus during the night. In our reveries almost we are tempted to wish with one of long ago,

"Turn backward, turn backward, O time
in thy flight;

THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

Many, many years ago,
In far-off Bethlehem,
A wondrous star was seen one night,
A brilliant, radiant gem.

It stood above a lowly cot,
Within a rock-bound cave,
Wherein was laid the greatest gift
That Heaven ever gave.

About the cave this holy night,
Exultant angels sing,
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
To you is born a King!"

Give praise to God, a King is born,
A King indeed—and more,
Prophet, Priest and Saviour, too,
That cradled manger bore.

That lowly Babe, in after years,
For us on Calvary died,
And thus salvation brought to men,
That ever shall abide.

So, though perhaps this Christmas
time
Few gifts to us may bring,
There still remains God's greatest
gift,
Christ Jesus, Saviour-King!

W. Walter Esmer.

Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Christmas! How full of hope this word for a troubled and perplexed world today! A world that seems to have gone far astray from the principles and ideals that heralded the coming of the Christ-child; a world that has many needs but whose greatest need, as always, is a more whole-hearted reception of the Christ and His Gospel.

Christmas! To many it will mean less of things than it has in many a year; but let us hope and pray that it will not mean less of joy, and that it will mean more of Christ.

Hagerstown, Md.

UNTO YOU

Arthur Leeming

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." I remember reading that some years ago the February issue of a current magazine carried on its cover page a picture of a country crossroads in Hardin County, Kentucky, in the early nineteenth century. At the crossroads an early settler had just met the country doctor. "Any news today 'Doc,'" he asked? "Not much," replied the doctor, "only another baby born down at Tom Lincoln's!" No prophetic voice proclaimed the birth of an Emancipator or Champion of a Union, but dare anyone say today, in the light of the illustrious life of Abraham Lincoln, that it was just another baby born?

Once again our souls are stirred by news of another meeting at a crossroads on the hillsides of Palestine when angelic voice proclaimed to shepherd heart the glad tidings that "Unto you is born this day—a Saviour." Undoubtedly the event of Jesus' birth was regarded by many in that day as being a matter of "just another baby born." But what say ye, O men of the intervening generations—ye who have lived under the radiant and radiating influence of His undying personality and His unconquerable spirit—ye who have lived in an atmosphere and environment increasingly enhanced and beautified by the effect of His life upon the motives and manners of men? Can ye not testify that unto YOU was born that day in the city of David a Wonderful Counselor—a Saviour?

No need of our times is more absolute than the need for this simple message—worthy of the wisest hearing and mightiest affirmation—that unto YOU is BORN this day and every day a Saviour.

Unto you, Stewards of the possessions of earth,

Unto you, Wise Men learned in the professions and practices of earth,

Unto you, skilled in the arts and sciences of life,

Unto you, all His children of whatever race, creed or station,

Unto you, O my soul,
There is born a Saviour!

Glenside, Pa.

Symposium: Our Spiritual Confusion

Some time ago the "Messenger" printed the following editorial:

If you were asked the chief reason for our present spiritual plight, what would you answer? Many have said that man has tried to exalt himself above God, and is suffering in consequence of his insufferable egotism and self-will. Professor Charles A. Beard, who was not orating from a pulpit, diagnosed our trouble in this pregnant sentence: "The cause of our confusion is our contemptuous dismissal of ethics." Dr. Halford Luccock agrees that our economic and social disasters have their roots in ethical failure. Bishop Schmuck, of Wyoming, points out that ethical standards are as essential for the development of spiritual life and health

as factual and scientific standards are for material progress, and charges that for some years "there has been a backfire against setting up or maintaining standards by which we can measure our lives." The general view of religious leaders has been that this contempt for God's Commandments has been due to man's extraordinarily good opinion of himself and his human wisdom. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton maintains, however, that there has never been a generation so haunted by futility and meaninglessness as ours and he regards this as a proof that man does not think well enough of himself. He compares folks today to those described in the popular song, "Dancing in the dark 'til the tune ends."

"We all are dancing in the dark," he

said, "with no idea of where we are going or what we want, and as the tune ends we dance more wildly and still get no place. The Church today is running in low gear because a spiritual inferiority complex has been developed in our generation; because this generation has been told that nothing is true which cannot be proved in a laboratory. If there is no reason in life, there is no reason for it; to rob life of truth is to rob it of meaning."

What is your view? Is our disease today a superiority complex or an inferiority complex, and why do you think so?

Herewith are given some of the best and most appreciated replies on this important question:

THE PENALTY FOR WRONG DECISIONS

Why this present spiritual plight?

First, spiritual life has been closely associated with commercial prosperity and social movements; this structure of self-seeking materialism has fallen, carrying spiritual things with it. The Russian Church fell because of this same sort of connection with government and business.

We are, then, in a spiritual plight be-

cause we find that our strength has been commercial strength, and that we have sought to lay up for ourselves treasures on this earth.

Many Churches have gone down just because of poor equipment; many groups have weakened simply because of a temporarily weak pulpit. We have chosen the worldly, and now we are in a plight. Our plight has not come suddenly; its strength has been gathering for years. We have

weakly wavered before youth, even when it, too, did not know its own mind; we have weakly wavered before the sensation-loving, because we lacked confidence in a divine message. We have weakly wavered before local handicaps, for we lacked confidence in the providence of God. We have been embarrassed before the keen questions of unspiritual intellects; we have spluttered before superficial criticism; we have yielded before

doubters. We have enlarged our earthly kingdoms until they oppress and engulf us; we have worked our machines and our sciences until they swamp us with their productions. We are piling up goods, not helping up men; we are multiplying loud-speakers for the messages of men, not multiplying sainted men who have the message of God. We have carefully assessed matter, and ignored spirit; we have studied man, and ignored God. We have revelled in the exhilarating occupations of the present, and cared nothing about what they would bring about, in our social and religious life of the future. We are swabbing desperate wounds with a pitiful air—wounds whose causes we ought to be removing.

We are like wild stars in a bewildering firmament—our pathways and goals obscured in the distance. We have stifled the spiritual under the abundance of the material. We now see the fatal cycle of the process of material acquisition.

We have professed many beliefs, liberal and conservative; but failed to express actions. We have dismissed the oppressed poor with contempt; the wayward with harshness; the weak with ruthlessness; the groping with impatience. Our bland complacency, our posing respectability, our unashamed brazenness of life, have found us out.

We have lived the life of the devil, and expected the rewards for the life of Jesus. We have followed the way of darkness, and expected to come into the light. We have expected to follow our own will, and expected at some later date to make it the will of God.

We have made wrong decisions and established wrong affiliations, repeatedly, wilfully, defiantly, and they have brought us inexorably the plight which now has caught us in its grip.

—R. K. M.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS

Prof. Beard's diagnosis of our present troubles is correct: "The cause of our confusion is our contemptuous dismissal of ethics." We have accepted Jesus' alternative of God or Gold, and having made our choice of Gold we have constructed our "ethics" accordingly. Money-getting has become the goal of economic achievements.

The Church has a tremendous responsibility for this. The Church has blessed the *laissez faire* principle in economics and has practiced it in its denominationalism until within comparatively recent times when it has become conscious of the mistake by **pressure of financial conditions**. Even so denominations that have made a "success" of it are rather strongly standing by it.

If it is a question only of "succeeding," and unrestricted competition enables us to succeed, why worry about the matter of a little more or less ethics? If war is right then who cares about "moral" rules and regulations in warfare? If getting millions, or billions, of dollars is the thing to get—why bother about "ethics" provided we can control legislation so as not to interfere with us in our pursuit of wealth? And by the same token, if we cannot control legislation, or public service commissions, so as to get by with what we seek first and foremost—if we can't do it that way, why not do it in whatever way we can? Hence, racketeering, banditry, gambling, embezzlement, and what not?

We are all wrong, if Jesus and the prophets were right, in seeking first a society in which human rights and human interests are paramount, for which we must organize our governments, our industries, our schools and our Churches—and every other institution and agency that has to do with human beings.

I don't think the trouble is an **inferiority** or a **superiority** complex. If our trouble is to be put into approved psycho-

logical phrases, it is due to the old, old **acquisitive** complex that the races of mankind have brought with them from the jungle—"the longest paw and the strongest jaw," the story of which is written through the centuries in letters of blood, to the suffering and sorrow of the masses—and now, I hope, to the disgrace of any Church that knows not the day of its visitation!

—J. M. M.

A FATAL DISEASE

Our spiritual depression is caused by an ancient and honorable disease known in ecclesiastical circles as the Laodicean malady. Things are the way they are in the Church because we have been, and continue to be, too luke-warm. There may be evidences of a superiority complex or an inferiority complex that is plaguing our spiritual growth, but it seems that it is this Laodicean malady that is giving us the greatest part of our present trouble.

We have always suffered from this disease to some extent. There was a time when the Church was a booming concern, and in using such a term to describe it, the nature of its appeal may be intimated. Numbers, numbers, numbers was the cry

MY TASK

Let me fill a humble place,
I do not covet power,
Some service to give happiness,
Like silent wayside flower.

I seek not popularity,
Nor fleeting worldly fame;
I'm satisfied to do my part,
Although unknown by name.

A worthy task is all I ask;
With joy the hours to fill;
Contentedly from day to day
To do God's perfect will!

—Grenville Kleiser

of the Church. The Church was doing big things in a big way. The Church was attempting to capitalize on a counterfeit enthusiasm which our present financial situation has entirely exposed. Temples of extravagant proportions began to grace the villages as well as the cities, and the attention of all was directed towards the temples of stone and not the living temples of God. The Church prospered when it was the style to belong to one of the "best Churches." Now the style has changed and it is no longer necessary to be as accomplished a Churchman as it is to be an accomplished "contract" wizard. The Church was luke-warm in ministering to the souls of the multitudes; instead of feeding them the bread of life, the Church was satisfied if they ate the bread served at the innumerable money-raising Church suppers.

Now we are suffering from the same malady; we are luke-warm to the orthodox stress on doctrine, we are not adapting to general use the treasures of liturgical worship, and we are not "following the lure of unexplored possibilities," to use a well-turned phrase of Wieman's. The faithful remnant all over the land is seeing now the futility of getting the crowds back into the Church. Reputable theologians are confirming their theories that only the elect will be saved. The faithful remnant is now paying for the sins of the fathers by attempting to liquidate some of the heavy debts that have been created in the palmy days of the war.

The faithful remnant is now luke-warm in affirming the orthodoxy of the past in doctrine and liturgy, and those that are driven to a social outlook for Christianity are luke-warm in their expression of the

convictions they may have. It was Matthew Arnold's clever figure, "We are struggling between two worlds, one not yet dead and the other powerless to be born." It is my contention, however, that we are not really struggling; we are afflicted with the Laodicean malady and are saying in effect, "Serene I fold my hands and wait."

If there is a panacea for this Laodicean malady it must be the manifestation of more of the love that was in Christ Jesus. I should mention two specifics that would help rid us of this disease: a reinterpretation of the eternal values found in worship and doctrine, and the adoption of an Evangel that will convince the world of the earnestness and the vision of the Church. If you do not think that the specifics mentioned will remedy the situation, ask yourself these questions: Why can a sect like the International Bible Students and other sects that stress the doctrinal side of Christianity make such headway? Why is it that the greatest gains in Protestantism are made by those Churches which are stressing the idea of worship? What appeals to the mind of the thinking youth of our land any more than the social Gospel? Our spiritual plight is caused by this luke-warm spirit which is blocking the path backward to the highest values of the past and is also obscuring the unexplored possibilities of the path ahead.

—H. R. A.

FAITH IN GOD AND MAN

An editorial in the issue of the "Reformed Church Messenger" seeks an answer to the mooted question: "Is our present spiritual plight caused by a superiority complex or an inferiority complex?" The answer is that we are the victims of an inferiority complex which was the inevitable outcome of a former superiority complex.

When one is tossed about by the ravages of a fever he is laboring, while the fever is in the ascending stage, under a superiority complex. Under such conditions he professes to be able to devour nails by the keg, to swallow oceans of water and to crumble skyscrapers like match sticks. This is an unnatural state of affairs and its dangers must be recognized and properly dealt with. But the most critical situation arises after the fever has been broken. It is then that the patient requires the most painstaking care. Exhausted by the struggle of days, he is ready, like Elijah of old, to lie down and die. His bubbles have burst and his castles have fallen. He has no more interest in the future, and life to him has no value at all. Now it is that gentle ravens alone can minister unto him and bring to him new life from—God!

Is this not a true picture of our generation? In days of prosperity we were able to do all things. We could fly across the ocean; we could penetrate the air; we could become millionaires over night; we thought we could run the universe. And suddenly, thank God, the fever broke! Now we lie prostrate in the hands of fate. "We are dancing in the dark, waiting for the tune to end."

Our present condition, then, has not been the result of either a superiority complex or an inferiority complex, but the inevitable outcome of both. What we now need is, therefore, not either faith in God or faith in men, but an increase of both. We need much more faith in divine grace and much more confidence in human ability as the means of dispensing it.

—H. J. N.

A CONDITION AND A CHALLENGE

Today there is too much talk; the kind of talk uttered by the ten spies upon their return from a survey of Caanan, which sent the Israelites wandering forty years in the wilderness. It was the report of the majority, but the talk of cowards;

the kind of talk which pictures ourselves as grasshoppers in the presence of giants. It is the kind of talk which instills fear, creates a low state of morale and results in an esprit de corps which means inefficiency and ineffectiveness—a serious mental malady—"the inferiority complex."

Most of the emphasis today is on the sickness of society. It has percolated into the minds of the people. The consequence is a lowered vitality. It has devitalized their spirits and poisoned the moral atmosphere. It is found in Church and state. Nations are afflicted with it. It has created a sad state of affairs throughout the world. The Church, at a time like this, when she should be, like her Lord, militant, courageous and victorious, stands practically helpless. Defeatism is the mood of the Church today. The Church that had faced her responsibilities while the nation was drunk with a spurious prosperity, now, in time of need, seems to have lost faith, and with it, direction and an onward momentum. She has plunged into the most panic-stricken, unbalanced, runaway pursuit of an alleged economy which has swept the Church in modern history—a most drastic retrenchment.

With the state of the world at large more dangerous, more in need of religious undergirding than at any time since 1914, vital issues have largely gone by the board. We face a Church acquiescing when it should be on the march! The chief concern of judicatories is the reductions in cost of the denominational machine. There seems to be no more faith

for fresh venture in the Church today than at a meeting of bankrupt stockholders. This is their chief concern, "we must hack away at the budget." What is this but the fact that the Church is afflicted with this serious mental malady—"the inferiority complex."

Is there not tragedy—stark, naked tragedy—in the sight of the Church obsessed with its denominational concerns while the world sinks into despair? "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" is her major objective. But, in a period when Christian forces should be on the firing line for the Kingdom, they are "digging in" to save their denominational life. Is it the tragedy of the hermit crab repeated? The hermit crab was equipped with two big, strong claws for fighting, but fear drove it into an empty snail shell—in hiding, when it should be out in the open. Nature is always accommodating, from the hermit crab down to man. She usually lets us all become just what we want to be.

The status of things in the Church today is a challenge to her leadership. The Church must have a leadership filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ—a leadership in whom there is no trace of despondency, for despondency is wrong, dangerous and often fatal. A discouraged man, a timid man, cannot lead. Our people need optimism, enthusiasm, confidence, fire, dash and bravery. There are three words in our language which pierce the heart to the centre. One is thief; another is liar; the third is coward. The latter is the most damning of them all. Quitters are cowards! This is no time to quit! God has

no use for quitters; neither has the Church. We must face life as the preacher said Henry Wright, of Yale, faced it: "He never turned back, but marched breast forward. Never doubted clouds would break. Never dreamed, though right was worsened, wrong would triumph."

God is still on His throne; it is not empty. The world does not stagger blindly and without guidance. "Be still and know that I am God." In times like this our leadership must have faith in God, live a great religious life, display a stout heart, have a good sense of humor and be filled with hope. With such a leadership, the people will rally to the standard and the Church march forward to victory. Salvation and success come to the Church on the march! We cannot expect progress resting on our lees. Our motto must be, "Forward!" It remains for us to launch out with Paul, who said, "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Jesus had discovered the ultimate source of courage and hope. It is stated in His own words, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Paul accepted that proposition; so must we. In forgetting self and seeking to help others, we find the joy which no disappointment nor disaster can take away. The challenge of Jesus still stands, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." "And follow Me." That will banish our serious mental malady—"the inferiority complex."

—N. L. H.

NEWS IN BRIEF

BOWLING GREEN ACADEMY

As we write the boys and girls are out with their sleds, coasting down the hills. What a lot of fun it is as they dash down the hill with merry shouts of laughter! Of course its a fairly hard pull to get the sleds to the top of the hill, but they seem to forget the hard pull as the thrill of the coasting grips them. Well, it's something like that when we pull along waiting until we reach the top of another hill and then coast down with additional contributions to our fund. Right now we have passed the \$200 mark and are coasting along towards another goal. \$10 received from the Ellen Gutelius W. M. S. of Salem Church, Harrisburg, Pa., per Mrs. E. G. Underwood, treas., and \$5 from Miss Lizzie E. Miller, Reading, Pa. Thank you! Total right now is \$208.50. Send all checks payable to Dr. Paul S. Leinbach, care "The Messenger."

NOTICE

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of Carlisle Classis on Nov. 29, the time of the spring meeting of this Classis was changed from Feb. 6 to Monday, Apr. 3, 1933, at 7:45 P. M. The place remains the same, viz.: Zion Church, Blain, Pa., Rev. Samuel W. Beck, pastor.

R. Raymond Jones, President,
Charles R. Hartman, Stated Clerk.

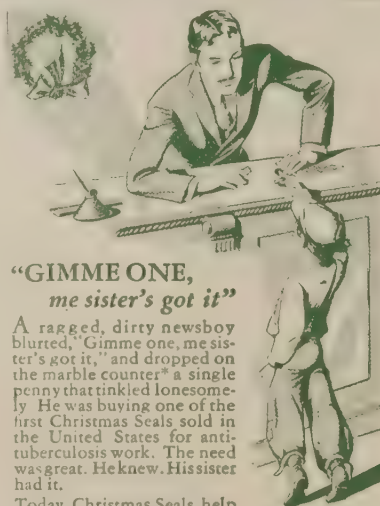
Dr. A. V. Casselman was the speaker at the Thank Offering service in the Reformed Church at Sellersville, Rev. James R. Shepley, pastor, last Sunday evening.

"The Starflower" is a Christmas Mystery Drama by Ann Hayden. You can get it from the Abingdon Press for 25c. Its 16 pages bring a message of rare beauty.

It is our earnest hope that this Christmas Number of the "Messenger" may bring

a blessing into your heart and home. To every reader we wish a very Merry Christmas.

Do you want a fine little Christmas book? Get "A World Without Christmas," by Dr. James Black, of Edinburgh. It is published (in just 43 pages) by Revell, and it will help you to be truly glad for Christmas.



"GIMME ONE,
me sister's got it"

A ragged, dirty newsboy blurted, "Gimme one, me sister's got it," and dropped on the marble counter* a single penny that tinkled lonesomely. He was buying one of the first Christmas Seals sold in the United States for anti-tuberculosis work. The need was great. He knew. His sister had it.

Today, Christmas Seals help protect you and your family, for although the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced two-thirds it still kills more people between 15 and 45 than any other disease. Your pennies make possible free clinics, nursing service, preventorium, and educational work that mean cure for some, relief for many, and hope for all.

* In the lobby of Philadelphia's "North American"—Dec. 13, 1907

THE NATIONAL STATE AND LOCAL
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

WANTED: Copies of early Christmas service, "Forms and Hymns for Christmas," by Henry Harbaugh. Address St. John's Reformed Church, Bedford, Pa.

Rev. John H. Poorman occupied the pulpit of St. John's Church in Frankford, Rev. A. Piscator, pastor, on Sunday evening, Dec. 11. This congregation has been rendering much relief to families in need in that section of the city.

The Women of the Missionary Society of Amity Church, Meyersdale, Pa., Rev. Dr. B. A. Black, pastor, held their Thank Offering service Dec. 4. The pageant, "Upon Thine Altar," was beautifully presented by 7 young women, assisted by the Church choir. Offering, \$100.35.

A liberal member of the Fourth Church at Harrisburg, Pa., has sent \$50 in cash to the Board of Foreign Missions, it being one-half of her Christmas Savings Fund. This is most praiseworthy. She asks that credit be given the congregation on their Apportionment. How about members in other congregations doing likewise?

Rev. S. U. Snyder, Barborton, O., died on Sunday morning, Dec. 4. He was a former pastor of Grace Church, Philadelphia, and retired from the active ministry several years ago. A fuller account of the life and labors of this brother beloved will be given later.

One of the most artistic bits of printing it has been our recent pleasure to see is a four-page leaflet issued by Heidelberg College, entitled "Student and Teacher." It is done most attractively in colors and stresses the fine opportunity for personal contacts and fine friendships at Heidelberg, with its 435 students and 37 members of the faculty last year, a trained and experienced teacher for every 12 students.

In Emanuel Church, Minersville, Pa., Rev. O. R. Frantz, pastor, Home Mission Day was observed Nov. 20, when the serv-

ice of the Board, "In Time of Need," was used, supplemented by a pageant, "The Church Builders," which included building the Church with ten stones: the Cornerstone, Christ, Worship, Praise, Thanksgiving, Prayer, Kindness, Sympathy, Bible Study, Missions, the Capstone. Offering, \$25, two to three times larger than usual offerings for Home Mission Day.

At an election held in St. John's Church, Bellefonte, Pa., Sunday morning, Dec. 4, the Rev. Ernest W. Moyer, of Perkasio, Pa., was elected the pastor. He accepted the call and began his services there the following Sunday, Dec. 11.

The "Messenger" lost another of its good friends in the death, on Nov. 20, of Mr. J. Adam Miller, of St. Paul's Memorial Church, Reading, Pa., who for almost half a century was the faithful treasurer of that congregation and was also devoted to the task of receiving subscriptions for this paper. Such men are numbered among the salt of the earth and are indeed difficult to replace.

The high esteem in which the congregation of Zion Church, Chambersburg, Pa., holds its pastor, Rev. Dr. Irvin W. Hendricks, and Mrs. Hendricks, was testified to by the large attendance and pleasant reminiscences that marked the reception to the pastor and his wife on Dec. 1, in the S. S. room. It was the 25th anniversary of Dr. Hendricks' pastorate at Zion, and Elder W. J. Zacharias pointed out in an address that it was proper that the observance of the 25th anniversary should fall on the correspondingly same date, as Dr. Hendricks assumed his duties on Dec. 1, 1907.

Up to Nov. 30, the amount received on the Apportionment for Foreign Missions has been only \$149,176.19. It seems almost inconceivable that the membership of our Church should contribute on an average about one cent per week for making the Saviour known to the millions in foreign lands. The Board of Foreign Missions must receive in some way \$22,000 and forward it to the Japan Mission before the New Year. Unless the Church, and by the Church we mean the individual members, will provide this amount, our missionaries will be subject to untold sufferings.

Two weeks of evangelistic services were held at Germano, O., Rev. H. N. Smith, pastor, in November, and pastors from the United Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and Reformed assisted. Rev. Ward Hartman gave a very interesting address one evening concerning his work in China, and displayed his curios. Two members have been added to the Church. A catechetical class will be organized after the new year. The W. M. S. held its Thank Offering service Nov. 27, when an interesting program was enjoyed. Offering, \$31.50.

St. Luke's Church, North Wales, Pa., Rev. John M. Herzog, pastor, held its Thank Offering service Nov. 20, in the evening. Prof. Arthur Smith, of North Japan College, Sendai, Japan, delivered the address, and a liberal offering was received. The members were pleased to hear a fine sermon by Dr. T. F. Herman, of the Lancaster Seminary, Nov. 27, in the nature of a challenge to the members in preparation for the Every Member Canvass. At the evening service a splendid musicale was rendered by the choir under the direction of the pastor.

The 4th annual Bible Conference of Kenmore, O., with all 10 Churches co-operating, was by far the most outstanding thing this community has had in many years. The attendances were splendid and folks came from as far as Chicago and Mississippi. As many as 40 ministers from Akron and surrounding cities and towns were at some of the sessions and many of the Akron ministers attended nearly every session. Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse was the guest leader and received an unanimous invitation from the 10 pastors and the 1,264 present on Nov. 17, to return one year hence.

Rev. William E. Troup, pastor of Goss Memorial Church, Akron, is the president of the Kenmore Ministerium.

Dr. Henri L. G. Kieffer, Frederick, Md., sends this gracious word about our new Catechetical Manual: "I have carefully examined the volume, 'Walking and Working with Christ', designed as a Manual for use in Catechetical classes. I consider it a most helpful book, aiding in giving a comprehensive knowledge of the Bible, the Church and the Christian life, and in making the catechumens acquainted with the work of the denomination of which they are members. I shall use it in my own Catechetical class this year, in connection with the study of the Heidelberg Catechism, and I anticipate helpful results from its use. It should be welcomed by the pastors of our Church, and the Board of Christian Education has rendered a real service to the Church in its preparation and publication."

Dr. Frank H. Rupnow was the speaker on Oct. 30, at the celebration of the 80th anniversary of the founding of the congregation of Second Church, Dayton, O., Rev. Dr. L. W. Stolte, pastor. The fine condition of the Church property, the undivided attention and reverence on the part of the congregation in worship are evidences of a loyalty to the Master, and the influence of a patient and steadfast ministry of over 12 years on the part of Dr. Stolte is very evident. In the evening a musicale was given by the choir. Dr. Rupnow had the pleasure to look in upon the W. M. S. Institute of Southwest Ohio Classis in Central Church on Oct. 31, and address the faculty and students of Central Seminary, in the afternoon.

At the meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held Dec. 6-9 in Indianapolis, the following delegates represented our Church: Drs. Geo. W. Richards, Chas. E. Schaeffer, Theo. F. Herman, Paul S. Leinbach, Henry J. Christman, Charles E. Miller, Wm. E. Lampe, J. Rauch Stein, H. Nevin Kerst, and John M. G. Darms, and Elder Franklin Brown. A number of our pastors and members from Indianapolis and vicinity also attended some of the interesting sessions. On Thursday Dr. Leinbach spoke at the well-attended mid-week service in the First Church, Rev. Carl J. G. Russom, pastor, where our General Synod met in 1929. Drs. Schaeffer and Kerst spoke in Churches of other denominations.

Special Thanksgiving services at the Reformed Church of Hiawatha, Kansas, Nov. 20, were carried out with an exceptionally large congregation paying respect to the pastor, Rev. L. L. Hassenpflug, who is entering upon his 35th year as pastor of the Church. 170 attended a basket dinner in the basement of the parish house. 10 baskets were sent to the needy and the shut-ins unable to attend. During the service special music was rendered by a quartet composed of the pastor and his wife, Miss Bertha Zimmerman and Clyde Zimmerman; the choir of 7 boys under direction of Clyde Zimmerman also sang. The thank offering was taken, amounting to \$486. Offerings are taken only twice a year, at Easter and at Thanksgiving time.

The choir of St. Peter's Church, Zelenople, Pa., Rev. Dr. J. H. String, pastor, will unite with the choirs of the United Presbyterian and the English Lutheran Churches in a Christmas cantata, and will be under direction of the chorister and organist of St. Peter's. In order that it might bring cheer to the whole community, it will be given on Christmas night in the high school auditorium. The offering for the Orphans' Home is cared for by envelopes given and received in all offerings during the month. The women's societies and individuals have been making quilts for the orphans and home for aged. The Every Member Canvass was made. Those who could gave, those who needed were helped.

On Sept. 25, 78 boys and girls received

promotion certificates in Shiloh Church School, Danville, Pa., Rev. Clark W. Heller, pastor. The Rally Day address, Oct. 30, was delivered by Dean Dunkelberger, of Susquehanna University; 408 present; offering \$3,425. The annual Thank Offering service was held Nov. 20 by the W. M. S. and 2 religious plays were most acceptably given by the Mission Band and the G. M. G. Home Mission Day was celebrated, "Messenger" Day observed and Communion services well attended in the 3 Churches of the charge. Several classes of the Shiloh Church School have presented plays recently. Dec. 16, the Young People of Maudsedale will repeat at Shiloh a recent play given at Maudsedale.

Licentiate Milton May, a graduate of Lancaster Theological Seminary, was solemnly ordained to the gospel ministry and installed as pastor of Grace Church, Harmony, Pa., Dec. 8. The service was in charge of a committee of Allegheny Classis. Elder Frank E. Lutz, of St. Peter's Church, Zelenople, presided. Rev. Ralph S. Weiler, of Jeannette, a former pastor of Mr. May, preached the ordination sermon. Rev. Frank Hiack, of Bethany Church, Butler, conducted the ordination service and gave the address on pastoral duties. Rev. Nevin E. Smith, of St. John's, Evans City, chairman of the committee, conducted the installation service and gave the address as to opportunities and duties of the congregation. The choir gave a special anthem. It was an impressive service, with an unusually large number present.

The results of the observance of Home Mission Day were very gratifying and the offering exceeded the goal set in St. Paul Church, Greenville, O., Rev. Edgar V. Loucks, pastor. The annual Thank Offering service of the 3 missionary organizations was held Nov. 20. A procession by the G. M. G. opened the service, after which each girl told one of the aims and purposes of the Guild. A pageant was presented by the Guild under direction of Mildred Baker, president, and Mrs. Loucks, counsellor. The offering of the G. M. G. is larger than their offering of last year. This is a group of girls of which any Church could justly be proud. Two members were received by confirmation at the East Zion Church on Nov. 13.

Rev. Geo. P. Kehl, St. Paul's Church, St. Mary's, Ohio, kindly sends to the Board of Christian Education this unsolicited testimonial: "Last week I received and used my copies of the new Manual for the Catechism. I want to write and congratulate you on the very suitable and very well adapted book you have created. When I entered the ministry after several years of teaching and supervising experience in the school, I regretted more and more the unavoidable loss of effectiveness in teaching the confirmation classes because of the lack of properly arranged text-books. I hope you can soon arrange to prepare an equally effective book for those of us who have two years of pre-confirmation work for the young people."

The Thank Offering service of the G. M. G. of Trinity Church, Manchester, Md., Rev. John S. Hollenbach, pastor, was held Nov. 13 at 7.30 P. M. The Young Folks from Baust Reformed Church presented a pageant and the pastor of Baust Church gave an instructive talk on Winnebago Indians. The Willing Workers' Aid So-

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H. P. BERGER : : Lebanon, Pa.

ciety of Trinity served a covered dish supper on Dec. 3; proceeds for the benefit of Church expenses. The Lazarus congregation besides the regular Harvest Home donations took a small truck load of potatoes to Hoffman Orphanage. Dr. Hollenbach delivered his lecture sermon, "The Thief in the Church," in Christ Church, Cavetown, Md., on Nov. 14, and at Keedysville before the Consistorial Conference of Washington Co. on Nov. 15. He preached the annual Thanksgiving sermon at the Community service in Immanuel Lutheran Church, Manchester.

First Church, Marion, O., Rev. Dr. Robert W. Huckle, pastor, has made a change in the historic custom of the congregation in that the Holy Communion will be celebrated 6 times a year instead of 4. This change has come about as the result of the congregation feeling that one of the greatest means of ministering to the spiritual necessities of the people is by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and that in times of economic stress such as now these means should be offered more often. Dr. Huckle delivered the Thanksgiving message at the dinner of the I. O. O. F. Lodge and the Thanksgiving Union service of Marion. On Nov. 20, in the evening, the Church was crowded to capacity when the newly organized Boy Scout Troop was presented with their charter and with an American and a troop flag. The Sunday previous a special offering was taken for the Building Fund in the Church School and \$1,280.36 was taken in actual cash.

What the Every Member Canvass Does for My Church:

"An Every Member Canvass is an important mission in developing the spiritual life of a congregation. It is a heart to heart talk with one another relative to God and His work. The canvasser should believe in his mission 100%, so that his very presence will leave a deep impression of spiritual value on the one solicited. The canvasser should reveal God as a loving Father and as the giver of all we have, and represent man as a faithful steward in using what God has entrusted into his charge. The canvasser should show by example that God not only gives but that He also leads the way into the field where man should find room for expansion. The canvasser should stress or leave the impression that the Christian life is a partnership with God, and that His business is a Christian duty to receive first attention."—Rev. G. W. Spotts, Telford, Pa.

Special days have been observed in Trinity Church, Mercersburg, Pa., Rev. Harrison Lerch, Jr., pastor. Following Church Paper Day and Home Mission Day came a series of 3 sermons on the Hebrew prophets as powerful preachers of eternal truths. Universal Bible Sunday was observed. The annual Church Chicken Supper was held Nov. 3, and in addition to the usual co-operation among the ladies there resulted a gain of \$153 toward the expenses of the Church. A confirmation class has been organized, which meets each week and uses the new manual, "Walking and Working with Christ." The missionary groups have been active and members of the W. M. S. assisted Lady Grenfell with an Exhibition and Sale of Labrador Handicrafts. The G. M. G. gave their annual pageant on Nov. 20, and the 14 girls taking part received many congratulations. The annual Thank Offering service of the Harbaugh M. S. was observed Dec. 4.

We greatly appreciate the following message from the president of General Synod, Dr. Henry J. Christman: "The new 'Catechetical Manual' is now available for use. The Board of Christian Education has prepared it in response to numerous requests from individuals and groups in the Church for materials with which to supplement the Heidelberg Catechism. It is supplemental and not substitutionary. Here is a worthy effort on the part of the Board of Christian Education and the persons assigned to do this difficult task. The Teacher's Guide is a booklet filled with helpful suggestions

as to how to use the Manual with the class. The keenest interest on the part of catechetical classes is predicted through the use of the Manual. The Church owes to the Board of Christian Education a careful study of these booklets and a thorough experimental use of them in catechetical classes. Then, it is requested that constructive criticisms be offered to the Board which may be of substantial assistance in preparing later editions for publication."

St. Paul's Church, of the Sugar Creek Charge, Rev. F. Wm. Schacht, pastor, has been renovated, varnished and painted inside and out, costing about \$350, which was paid by the Golden Link Bible Class. The King's Daughters Bible Class are furnishing a new set of altar cloth, while St. Paul's and the Willing Workers Young People's Classes purchased 125 song books for the S. S. The Lily of the Valley Bible Class paid for limestone and improved the driveway of the Church. Holy Communion was observed Oct. 9, with 145 communing. Four young people were received, 2 by confirmation and 2 by letter. Five young people were received at the Summer Communion; total 9. Holy Communion was observed at Trinity Church Oct. 16. Five

young people were confirmed; 2 received by letter; 8 received at the Summer Communion; total 15. Members of St. Paul's joined with the Mt. Pleasant Lutheran Church in a Thanksgiving service, Rev. Mr. Schacht preaching the sermon.

Dr. Allan S. Meck conducted a 5-day Preaching Mission in the Deep Creek Charge, Hegins, Pa., Rev. Herman J. Naftzinger, pastor, from Nov. 7 to 11, inclusive, with one service held in each of the Churches of the charge. Monday night, the Mission was opened at Valley View, 125 present, the membership of congregation being 38; Tuesday night, Dr. Meck preached at Fountain to 180 persons, membership 90; Wednesday, Kimmel's Church, 75 present, low attendance due to hostile weather, membership here 72; Thursday, Sacramento, 300 present, twice the number of its members; the last service at Hegins, 300 present, membership 200. Among the worshippers during part of the week were Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Bair, of Greensburg, whose presence is always considered an honor to Deep Creek Charge. Offerings during the entire Mission were very gratifying, paid all the expenses incurred and left a small balance. Many are already

LOYAL CLASS APPRECIATION

The "Messenger" is very happy to present herewith a picture of Sunday School Class No. 1, in the Myerstown, Pa., Reformed Church, Rev. David Lockart, pastor. The picture of this splendid group of men and women is itself a tangible evidence of the fine devotion and appreciated labors of the teacher of the class, Dr. J. Lewis Fluck. For 35 years Dr. Fluck has been active in this Sunday School as its pastor, as its superintendent for a brief period, and as a teacher, and for nearly 30 years his association with Sunday School Class No. 1 has been constant. The class is really made up of several parts, as in the past other classes have been merged with it, notably a class taught for a number of years by Mrs. Fluck. It is only fair to say that the closely graded divi-

sions and classes of the entire Sunday School are the result of Dr. Fluck's wisdom and foresight, and the school has grown to its fine enrollment and splendid attendance upon the firm foundations built by him.

The "Messenger" is in entire agreement with this appreciation written by a friend who has much reason to feel grateful for the service rendered by this pre-eminent teacher. He writes: "It is as a teacher that Dr. Fluck ascends to the heights of his personality. Words and sentences cannot convey an appreciation of his powers. Those only who have sat under his teaching fully know his methods, his manner, and his dynamic touch. There are many such who have been in his class all the years of his work in Myerstown. The



CLASS No. 1, MYERSTOWN REFORMED
REV. DAVID LOCKART, PASTOR

FRONT ROW—Mrs. D. Augustus Swope, Mrs. Lloyd Garloff, Mrs. George Spangler, Mrs. C. C. Loose, Mrs. Bertha Laffner, Miss Annie Loose, Miss Maggie Stoudt, Mrs. Mary T. Welker, Mrs. R. R. Ulrich, Mrs. L. F. Krum, Mrs. David Lockart, Assistant Teacher, Dr. J. Lewis Fluck, Mrs. J. Lewis Fluck, Mrs. Loranna Bleistein, Mrs. Maggie Haak, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Yost, Miss Jane Yiengst, Miss Emma Wolff, Mrs. John Keeney, Mrs. Ned Ulrich, Mrs. John Derr, Mrs. Harry Fink.

SECOND ROW—Mrs. Harvey Miller, Miss Maggie Geib, Mrs. Amanda Yoder, Mrs. Stephen Bordner, Mrs. Warren Rover, Mrs. Edward D. Olewine, Mrs. E. H. Heiland, Mrs. Harry Rittle, Mrs. Edward Iceman, Mrs. Mason Snoke, Mrs. Donald Reiter, Mrs. Ida

Rise, Mrs. Elvy Beekey, Mrs. C. Mrs. Wm. Martin, Mrs. David Rebecca Swope, Mrs. Richard L. E. R. Noll, Mrs. Earl E. Wilhe

THIRD ROW—Mason Snok Fisher, Mrs. Harvey A. Smith, Eisenhour, Mrs. George W. Wa Geib, Jonathan Swope, Charles Mrs. Milton J. Wagner, Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Alvin E. Bender, Ross, Miss Mary R. Eberly, M

talking of having a similar Preaching Mission next year and it is to be hoped that Dr. Meek will be able to return then.

In Trinity Church, Akron, O., Rev. George M. Smith, pastor, Home Coming Day was observed Sept. 18, after the pastor's return from a brief vacation with his family. Then followed Rally Day, Harvest Home and the fall Communion, which was the largest fall Communion of the Church. On Nov. 9, 1890, a small group of Reformed people organized themselves to Trinity Church under the Home Missionary leadership of Rev. E. D. Wettach. This occasion was fittingly observed on Nov. 13, 1932. On this day 5 years ago, ground was broken for the new plant. It was a great joy to have present a considerable number of charter members and the presence of Dr. Wettach. It was also the 8th anniversary of the pastor. During these 8 years a new site was purchased and the new plant built and dedicated on March 3, 1929. The contributions toward all purposes were beyond \$200,000. After a conference for two days with the Bondholders and Trustee Bank at St. Louis, the pastor gave a heartening and encouraging report. There is a possibility of redemption bonds being floated which

will place the finances, as they have to do with the building project, on a very splendid basis for long term periods.

Three times in the recent past Messiah Church, Philadelphia, Rev. James W. Bright, pastor, was filled to capacity: 1st, a pageant, "The Questioner," by a cast of 23 under direction of the pastor; 2nd, repetition of the pageant; 3rd, the annual Union Thanksgiving service, held in this Church for the first time in 16 years. November was loyalty month, and began with a week of preaching with messages by Revs. J. M. G. Darms, D.D., Purd E. Deitz, Aaron R. Tosh and G. H. Gebhardt. Inspiration Day was held when more than \$1,000 was laid on the altar, almost liquidating the debt on current expenses. The \$177 due the Home for the Aged, Wyncote, on the special 1932 assessment was paid in full. The Classical Apportionment will be paid in full. The S. S. attendance has been exceptionally fine. Two members were received into the congregation; 4 infants baptized. Welfare work is being done by the local Emergency Committee, Mrs. P. F. Herold, chairman. Many new projects, social, athletic, educational and spiritual are in process, parts of the 4-fold

program instituted by the pastor. Thorough plans are under way for a unique canvass by the consistory and Board of Visitors. Frequent opportunities for preaching over radio station WLIT and in Rescue Missions come to the pastor. A gratifying vote of confidence was given the pastor by the consistory of 20 members.

One of the most faithful and beloved ministers of the Reformed Church, the Rev. Dr. J. Albert Eyler, fittingly celebrated the 25th anniversary of his pastorate in St. John's Church, Bedford, Pa., the longest pastorate in the history of the congregation. During the pastorate of Dr. Eyler, 9 classrooms and a library room have been added to the S. S. building. In 1907 the enrollment of the S. S. was 100; now, including Home Department and Cradle Roll, it is almost 400. The Church auditorium has been renovated and improved many times and in 1926 it was frescoed and many beautiful and costly gifts added, making St. John's a place of beauty that breathes an atmosphere of worship. In 1907, 214 names were on the congregation roll; today there are 440. 25 years ago, St. John's gave for benevolence \$400 a year; many times since then her annual gifts for this purpose have been more than \$3,000. In the last 25 years, she has given for benevolence \$50,315 and has expended for congregational purposes \$76,852. This record does not take into consideration the fact that during the past 13 years she supported, through her Kingdom Missionary Society, her own missionary in Japan for 6 years and for 7 years her own Bible woman in that land. Dr. Eyler preached an anniversary sermon on Dec. 4, in the morning, and in the evening 3 laymen made short addresses. An Anniversary Social was held Dec. 7. Preparatory services were held Friday evening and Holy Communion celebrated Dec. 11. St. John's is about 170 years old, and has been served by Revs. Jno. C. Bucher, John H. Gerhart, Jacob Ziegler, Henry Heckerman, Ellis N. Kremer, R. Leighton Gerhart, I. W. Hendricks, A. T. G. Apple, and since Dec. 1, 1907, J. Albert Eyler.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Board of Christian Education is initiating a new plan for Education Day, which will be observed on Sunday, Jan. 22, 1933. It has requested each of the educational institutions, fostered and maintained by our Church, to designate a group of speakers from its faculty, or Board of Trustees or Regents, who will hold themselves in readiness to speak in such of our Churches as may desire the presence of an educational representative on Jan. 22, 1933. **THE SPEAKERS WILL NOT MAKE AN APPEAL FOR THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE INSTITUTION.** On the contrary, they will speak concerning the Christian Education of our youth in general and will set forth the type of service which the educational institutions (and more especially the one which the speaker himself represents) are rendering to the Church. What will be had in mind particularly are the problems and opportunities of youth in the present generation and how Church and School can assist our young people in meeting them.

Obviously the list of available speakers is limited. Churches are requested to make their arrangements directly with the speakers themselves, or with the institutions which they represent, rather than through the Board of Christian Education. No expense need be incurred by any congregation or Sunday School in inviting speakers, since the institutions themselves will bear the necessary traveling expense. It should be understood, however, that speakers cannot be expected to travel to distant quarters of the Church, but will be available only for meeting appointments within ready access of the several institutions.

A folder containing full information concerning the plans for Education Day and Young People's Day, together with a list of available speakers, will be mailed to all

ATES GREAT TEACHER

ability of the teacher does not descend in night. Long hours of arduous labor, many heartaches and disappointments strewn the path of high-minded and deep-souled individuals. Dr. Fluck has always been a student, and this is the secret of his success as a teacher. Often when he is asked to preach in pulpits over a wide territory and to large congregations, he chooses to remain at home and perform his duties in his Sunday School. Sunday after Sunday he molds the ideas and ideals of his class, numbering over 100 men and women. Nothing is too much for him to do in the line of duty. In his work he displays a deep knowledge of the Bible, which he is able to join with his wide scientific attainments. One does not think of him as a Fundamentalist or Modernist; in his

teaching Dr. Fluck stands above them all."

It is the cherished desire of his class and his many friends, in which the "Messenger" joins heartily, that he enjoy many more years of matured life such as he is now experiencing, and that he may long continue in such an exceptional ministry of inspiration to others. After graduating from Ursinus College and School of Theology, Dr. Fluck did graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania. He is today an honored member of the faculty of Albright College, Reading, where his outstanding services are also deeply appreciated. Recently, on the occasion of the meetings of his class, Dr. Fluck has been giving a very popular series of monthly talks on "The Evolution of the Moral Sense."



SUNDAY SCHOOL, MYERSTOWN, PA.

DR. J. LEWIS FLUCK, TEACHER

Young, Mrs. Charles S. Line, Mrs. Stanley Albert, Miss Mrs. Herbert F. Burton, Mrs. Lottie Horst.

Jacob Schaeffer, Mrs. Lewis Ralph Kapp, Mrs. George E. Mrs. John Karsnitz, Henry S. g. Mrs. Catharine E. Cassel, B. Firestine, Mrs. Irwin D. A. Kochenberger, Deaconess George Ross.

FOURTH ROW—Charles S. Line, Ira Page, Prof. Henry J. Hollinger, Richard C. Musser, E. R. Noll, William Rittle, Stanley Albert, L. F. Krum, George E. Eisenhaur, Donald Reiter, Harvey R. Miller, Randolph R. Urlich, Samuel J. Seibert, Harry Fink, Aaron Geib, George W. Wagner, Alvin E. Bender, E. H. Heiland, Ralph J. Coover, Wm. G. Line Miles W. Bahney, S. T. Yost, Harvey B. Firestine, Charles H. Smith, Charles Keeney, Paul A. Weirich, D. Augustus Swope, Harvey A. Smith, Mrs. S. T. Yost.

Those absent and not appearing in the picture include: Mrs. Wallace Karsnitz, Mrs. Lizzie Beckley, Mrs. N. R. Yost, Mrs. George Kleinginna, Mrs. Robert Mitchell, Miss Jane Killmer, Claffin Bowman, Robert Mitchell, Lloyd Witters.

pastors in the near future—Henry I. Stahr, Executive Secretary, Board of Christian Education.

UNEMPLOYED PEWS

By William T. Ellis

One of the serious unemployment problems of our day, and of our own community, is that of Unemployed Church Pews.

Here they are, in abundance: comfortable, competent pews, each a potential asset to our common life, but unemployed, because unoccupied.

Money, brains and devotion went into the making of them. They were designed for a great mission. It was purposed that they should provide rest and worship and spiritual inspiration and brotherly fellowship for soul-hungry men and women.

These pews were intended to be a meeting place for man and his Maker.

While seated in them, men and women would worship and fellowship; and hear the Everlasting Word that is life.

So these pews were meant to be vital factors in our community life. They should have a high place in the economy of society.

But, alas! Many of the pews are empty, Sunday after Sunday. They are not employed, not earning their keep. They are a charge upon the Churches; and a serious reflection upon the symmetrical working of our civilization.

Every empty pew is somebody's missed opportunity.

Life would be very different today for many persons who should have been in these pews, Sunday after Sunday, but have been absent. Nobody can reckon the spiritual values which the absentees have missed—values of comfort, of recreation of the spirit's powers, of peace, of higher wisdom, of glimpses of the Divine, of a sense of solidarity with the friends of God.

How different the tale of many a life would have been had it filled its Sabbath place in the House of God!

There is intellectual stimulus, also, to be found in the unemployed pew. Therein are to be heard thoughtful discussions of the most important subjects that ever enriched or taxed the mind of man.

In these pews there is room for whole families. Traditionally, Church-going America took the entire family to Church on Sunday. The children grew up with reverent impressions of the Lord's Day and the Lord's House. Unconsciously, a sense of awe and solemnity, and of reverence for holy things became part of their natures. They absorbed the great hymns of the Church—a priceless memory for later years. Their ears became attuned to the stately language of Scripture. Prayer and stewardship were established in their nature.

One of the real forces making for the solidarity of the family was the good old custom of common Church attendance. There would be less of a "younger generation" problem today if fathers and mothers had followed their parents' usage of taking their sons and daughters regularly to Church.

As Better Times appear on the horizon, let us end the Unemployment Problem of the Pews.

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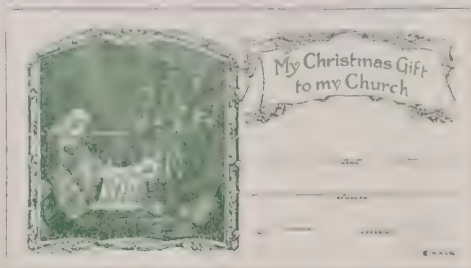
REPORT ON MERGER OF SUMMER SCHOOLS IN OHIO SYNOD

The committee charged with the work of planning for the merger of the Tiffin Missionary Conference and the Dayton Summer School of Leadership Training presented the following report to the Ohio Synod Committee on Christian Education:

This committee believes heartily in Christian education and in missionary education, and they believe that they are so closely related that any separation in these two educational procedures is a real loss to the whole program of the Church. Furthermore, this committee believes that mis-

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1505 RACE STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

sionary education is and should be an essential part of all Christian education. This committee likewise believes that more missionary education will be made possible when the missionary program can be definitely related to the entire program of Christian education, so that the entire Sunday School will receive instruction rather than a limited group constituting the Mission Bands, Guilds, and Missionary Societies of the Church. Furthermore, this committee feels that, inasmuch as the Board of Christian Education of our Church now has a very real part in the furthering and promoting of missionary education, and since this same Board is responsible for our Dayton Summer School of Leadership Training, it seems to this committee that a merging of the Tiffin Missionary Conference and the Dayton Summer School of Leadership Training should be effected. Furthermore, the committee is aware of the economical situation, and they are convinced that a merged school could be carried forward more economically than the two can be maintained as separate institutions.

For these reasons the committee has gone on record as favoring the following procedure:

1. A motion prevailed that the merging of these two institutions, the Tiffin Missionary Conference and the Dayton Summer School of Leadership Training, is desirable, feasible, and economical.

2. A resolution was presented and it received the unanimous support of the committee. The resolution is as follows:

Inasmuch as the time is too short for adequate preparation for the consummation of the merger this year, for the following reasons:

1. We have in this proposed merger a unique opportunity of building a school

which will serve as a pattern for guiding the religious education policy of other sections of the Church.

2. The merger should not be a mere conjoining of the present programs of the two bodies.

3. The merger should be a new institution with a unified program constituting the best of both.

4. To accomplish this there must be much careful study and thoughtful, unhurried investigation of the problems involved.

5. We should cultivate within the two interested groups a sincere appreciation of the desirability of this merger.

We, therefore, recommend that a committee be appointed consisting of one member of the Board of Christian Education, one member from the Department of Missionary Education, three members from the Committee on Christian Education of the Ohio Synod, one member from the Woman's Missionary Society of the Ohio Synod, one member from the 1932 student group of the Dayton Summer School of Leadership Training, and one member from the 1932 student group of the Tiffin Missionary Conference, to plan for the matter of merging the Tiffin Missionary Conference and the Dayton Summer School of Leadership Training in the year 1934.

This resolution was accepted by the committee.

This report was presented to the Ohio Synod Committee on Christian Education and was thoroughly discussed. A motion prevailed that the report be accepted, and the action of the sub-committee becomes the action of the Ohio Synod Committee on Christian Education.

Walter B. Leis, Secretary.

THE 1932 CHRISTMAS APPEAL OF THE GEORGE W. AND AGNES HOFFMAN ORPHANAGE

Dear Friends of the Orphans:

The Board of Directors of your Orphanage make an urgent and earnest appeal for liberal Christmas contributions to provide food, clothing, home, education and religious training for 72 fatherless, motherless, homeless, hungry and dependent children in your Home. These children of the Church must depend on the annual Christmas contributions for their support for a whole year. We do not receive State aid nor apportionment money, but must depend on you to provide 1,095 meals for each child for a whole year. Each child must also be provided with clothing, shoes, a home, dental and medical care, education and training with only an annual Christmas offering.

Your Board and the Superintendent and his helpers have reduced salaries and current expenses of the Home to the lowest basis, hence we must plead for contributions not less than last year to provide sufficient support for the children of the Church in this Orphanage. The establishment of this Orphanage was a noble undertaking, but to continue the life and service of it and to give a home, support and happiness and parental help to all the children is infinitely more noble.

Jesus set the child in "the midst" of the home and the Church to increase the springs of our affections and to open our hearts and hands to give according to our financial ability and receive His blessing of "well done." Your Board is deeply appreciative of the support given the Hoffman Orphanage during the past year. We do not ask for luxuries, but we do plead for sufficient "Daily Bread" for each child for the coming year. Seventy-two dependent children with outstretched hands ask you for money to give them a home and sufficient support for the year 1933.

Your Board of Directors

Rev. A. P. Frantz, Superintendent.
Mr. John L. Gerber, President.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

On Dec. 1, 1932, the congregation of Zion Church, of Chambersburg, Pa., tendered a reception in the Sunday School room of the Church to its beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Irvin W. Hendricks. It was in honor and appreciation of his completion of 25 years of devoted service to its membership and the community. It was a most happy and delightful occasion, enjoyed by all. The musical program, interspersed with several delightful vocal solos, was provided by the orchestra of the Sunday School and was of a high order.

W. J. Zacharias, Esq., the senior member of the consistory, extended the hearty greetings of the congregation to its pastor and his esteemed wife, who has so faithfully labored with him. His address of greeting was largely reminiscent, but also emphasized the well known conservative attitude of the congregation, tempered with a liberal spirit, and deplored the sensationalism which so many pastors employ.

The speaker was most hearty in his approval of the pastor's endeavors to maintain the well known traditions of the past; his devotion to worshipful ideals; his kindly help in matters spiritual; his sound judgment, joined with a pleasing personality, in the administration of the affairs of the congregation. Dr. Hendricks was most happy and pleasing in his response, which touched upon the high lights of a pastorate of 25 years.

Then followed refreshments and a social hour enjoyed by the many members present. Altogether it was an occasion long to be remembered, and an assurance of future love and respect on the part of both pastor and people.

The services Sunday morning revealed the happy feeling of the congregation in observing this anniversary. At the Church School service, the superintendent, Mr.

John L. Etchberger, spoke of the mutual love and devotion of Dr. and Mrs. Hendricks and the people of Zion Church, and sealed the statement with a glorious vase of roses. A large congregation attended the Church service; the altar and chancel were radiant with roses and chrysanthemums, the choral part of the service was specially fine, and the pastor spoke on "Twenty-five Years with Zion Church."

At the meeting of the Ministerial Association of Chambersburg, Monday morning, Dr. Hendricks, who has been dean of the body for 18 years, spoke on "Twenty-five Years with the Churches of Chambersburg." A number of the pastors spoke of the high regard in which Dr. Hendricks was held as a "wise and sane and spiritually-minded leader." Dr. E. D. Warfield, president of Wilson College, conveyed his own personal felicitations and spoke of the marked impression that Dr. and Mrs. Hendricks have made upon the whole community by their character, and their interest and co-operation in all that means for its good and happiness; and greatly appreciated their interest in the college and their delightful personal fellowship during these years.

At the recent meeting of the Board of School Directors of the city, Dr. Hendricks, who has served as vice-president for 6 years, was elected president.

W. J. Z.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME

Rev. Henry E. Gebhard, Supt.

The young people's Sunday Class of Hain's Church gave a very interesting play entitled, "The Redheaded Step Daughter" in Knerr auditorium on Wednesday, Dec. 7.

There were motion pictures on Saturday, Dec. 3, given under the auspices of the American Legion.

Our children are looking forth to spending the afternoon of Dec. 27 at the Shrine Circus held in the Rajah Theatre, Reading. They appreciate the free admission but the big problem is to furnish transportation for the children.

The Christmas turkeys, when brought to the Home on our truck, were the center of attraction, as many children said it was the first turkeys they saw in five years.

While the Christmas tree decorations are old and broken and scarcely enough to cover our trees, the matron of Reed Cottage is inquiring how she is to decorate a tree in the baby cottage. She has no decorations and the other cottages have none to spare.

MISSION HOUSE

The Church has good reason to rejoice at the unprecedented growth of our college so far as student enrollment is concerned. Our Board of Christian Education at large and the pastors in their respective congregations have emphasized the need of a Christian education. Their voice has been heard. The youth of the Church are now coming to our Christian institutions of learning. At the Mission House this year we have the largest enrollment in the history of the school. We are grateful for the fine response on the part of our young people. And now that they have responded, we in turn must respond to their appeal for a Christian education. We must give them the best. We owe it to them. We are to shape the thinking and attitude of coming generations. God has given us this task. We are to be co-laborers with Him in the education of our youth.

Indications are that the increase of enrollment at the Mission House is but a beginning. More will be coming next year. If God has so richly blessed our preaching with regard to Christian education, we should in gratitude accept the responsibility of providing educational opportunities to all who knock at our doors. We need equipment, larger class rooms, a girls' dormitory, a chapel and a library building, and we need an endowment to make our college an accredited institution.

Our great need today is of a financial nature. The apportionment coming from our congregations is not sufficient. We

THE NEW MANUAL FOR SUPPLEMENTARY USE IN CATECHETICAL CLASSES IS NOW READY

In reply to repeated requests which came up from various sections of the Church, the General Synod instructed the Board of Christian Education to prepare a catechetical manual to assist pastors in this important work.

THE TITLE IS

WALKING AND WORKING WITH CHRIST

The book contains seven chapters dealing with the following topics:

- I. Our Church
- II. The Bible
- III. Jesus Christ
- IV. The Father Whom Jesus Revealed
- V. Learning to be a Christian
- VI. Looking Toward a Christian World
- VII. Our Way of Life

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must find new sources of income and sources that will in no way interfere with those we already have. The increased income must be over and above what we are now getting. We must add to what we already have. Our appeal goes out to the whole Church. We believe a presentation of the facts will meet with a voluntary response from friends of the Mission House. You may help in various ways. Here are some suggestions:

1. Friends who will put the Mission House on their monthly budget and send the treasurer of the Mission House a check each month in amounts from \$5 and up.
2. Friends who bequeath money to the Mission House through their last will and testament.
3. Friends who will join the group of 25,000 who donate the sum of \$1 annually.
4. Friends who will give memorials such as chapel, library buildings, furniture for chapel, athletic field, etc.

We wish all Friends of the Mission House God's richest blessings for the coming holiday season.

Paul Grosshuesch, President.

HOOD HAPPENINGS

"Little Christmas" at Hood has already begun with Professor Wade's organ recital of Christmas music on Sunday, Dec. 4. It was continued with the production of the Christmas play, "The Evergreen Tree," on Dec. 9-10, by the Marionettes. The first performance was for school children and the second for students and adults of the community. The entire proceeds were given this year to the Frederick County Emergency Relief Association.

Bishop Helfenstein, of Maryland, was the speaker at the Christmas Vesper of Sunday, Dec. 11. The service was rendered but once this year to a capacity audience. In addition to the much-loved features begun years ago by Miss Baldwin and continued so efficiently by Professor Wade

and his helpers, the college choir appeared for the first time in their new gowns, adding considerably to the attractiveness of the service.

Concentration upon the work in hand continued through the following week. The series of services will be brought to a conclusion by the Christmas communion on early Thursday morning, Dec. 15, and by the still earlier caroling of Friday morning, Dec. 16. Mrs. Carson's Christmas dinner will be held on Thursday evening. Exercises will close at noon on Friday for the two weeks of Christmas vacation.

By an interchange of dates between Christmas and spring vacations, exercises will resume on Wednesday morning, Jan. 4, and close on Friday noon, Mar. 24. This has been done in order to avoid the conflict of dates and by reason of traffic conditions on Monday, Jan. 2.

Four copies of the Fox Movietone film of Campus Day have been received for use by the College. The film has been re-edited and is now practically perfect and ready for use throughout the field. College clubs are planning to use it in connection with their Christmas luncheons,

when it will be shown in a local movietone theatre. Much valuable publicity has already been gained through this film in the regular order of the Fox News and even greater good is expected from the circulation of these four copies received through the courtesy of Mr. F. H. Durkee, of Baltimore. He has also assured us of the coming of the Fox Movietone Company to film the May Pete on Saturday, May 13.

Hood has experienced a good session thus far, with little variation in attendance, and is putting forth more than usual effort through its promotion agencies to bring the enrollment of September, 1933, up to full capacity.

J. H. A.

THE REFORMED CHURCHMEN'S LEAGUE

The Reformed Churchmen's League has arranged for a very interesting and instructive program for the monthly meetings of its Chapters. The program covers a wide range of subjects, each one relating itself to the cultivation of the Christian life and participation in Kingdom work. The subjects are as follows:

January—Prayer: The Heart of Religion
February—The Program of the Kingdom of God
March—Seeking the Truth About the Economic Problem
April—The Work of the Consistory in the Congregation
May—The Boy
June—The Christian Family: Our Heritage
July—The Future of the Temperance Movement
August—Annual Outing
September—Bringing Assurance to Aged Ministers
October—Making and Meeting Our Budget
November—Can America Be Thankful?
December—The Progress of the Movement for World Peace

It would be a splendid advance in the life of our Church if 100,000 men would give their thought month by month to studies such as these and grow together into an active fellowship of work in the local Church and in the denomination.

Write to Secretary Truxal for a copy of this program, even if you do not as yet have a Chapter of the Reformed Churchmen's League in your congregation.

HOME AND YOUNG FOLKS

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"
Froebel

"MAMA KNOWS ME"

By Mary S. Stover

Billy must have made an accusation which his sister felt required her most emphatic denial. "Mama knows me!" she cried. "She knows that I'm a good girl!"

As her mother explained in relating the incident (not in the children's hearing), she soon learned that this was meant for a simple statement as to her knowledge of the child's righteous conduct in one specific incident; but it led to resolving that both children should always understand that Mama really knows them to be a good girl and boy.

Of course they are good. So are all the little neighbors of their age; but who would think it to hear people call them bad, so many times a day? The members of one family take a strange delight in asserting that their chubby three-year-old is "so spoiled she is rotten!"

Older persons have learned the comfortable skepticism of all such talk, but it is characteristic of children to believe all they are told. We want them to believe us—with reservations which not all boys and girls are competent to make. The habit of saying, "You bad child," is not only an unintelligent attempt at correction; there is really danger of convincing him that the charge is true.

The old exhortation to "hate the sin but love the sinner" has wisdom in it, though it comes short of a scientific attitude. Most of us are inclined to lay overmuch stress on the negative side of conduct instead of winsomely encouraging each child to overcome undesirable tendencies by strengthening good ones and learning to sublimate those which are harmful when allowed to run wild but when disciplined may develop into characteristics of highest value.

Great men have left us magnificent examples of what can be done in this way. Recall the admirable, stern self-mastery by which George Washington trained his passionate nature into the power it was for good. It is more sensible to suggest

him for a child's emulation than to point a moral by way of the community ne'er-do-well. Both the little children and those older ought to understand that we don't actually class them with that poor failure. If they don't it is not a fictitious danger; many great tragedies have resulted from a young person's pitiable certainty that no one at home would believe that some slight misconduct or lack of discretion was nothing worse. Social workers of every large city are familiar with the stark honesty with which even country girls and boys from religious homes will maintain: "There is no use getting in touch with my family. They have always said I'd turn out bad. Nobody there will have anything more to do with me."

There have been parents so unlike the Heavenly Father that this was a just report of them. If you are not like these parents begin early to teach your children that you have faith in them and will always expect them to measure up, not down.

The Cost of Crime

The cost of our criminal classes has been estimated at \$3,500,000 a day, and no one has attempted to estimate the toll in human misery!

From her life on the streets of a slum district, little Rosie went to kindergarten. With her advent all sorts of small articles began to disappear,—and a search finally revealed the fact that they were being secreted in Rosie's shoes! A few months of patient systematic training, and Rosie was as trustworthy a child as there was in kindergarten.

If there is no kindergarten in your community, work for the establishment of one. The National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City, will gladly give you assistance and advice.

He was a Presbyterian minister, she an only daughter, and the heiress of a considerable fortune. The father was counselling her in an important step.

"You see," he said, "he may be a perfect gentleman, and an excellent preacher, but he is a stranger, and we do not even know where he comes from."

"True," replied the girl, "but we know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

MANY SHALL COME

A Story By

Elizabeth Clarke Kieffer

(Continued from last week)

II.

It was near the end of Pilate's third year as procurator that Marcus' century, which, as his rank was high, was an important division of the army and chosen for difficult work, was finally stationed at Jerusalem. At first he had been sent up and down the land, settling disputes in distant villages, clearing up difficulties started by the unjust government of Pilate's predecessor, or garrisoning remote outposts along the Dead Sea or on the desert.

Duilia had seen almost as little of him as she had during his years in Germany. Once, when he had been on a mission to Tiberias, Herod's capital on the sea of Galilee, she had gone up to the little town of Magdala, where the doves were raised for the temple sacrifices. There she had spent a pleasant week with her husband, and now and then, his duties brought him on a brief errand to Jerusalem. Otherwise she was alone; but how different was her life from her Roman solitude.

True, there was a kind of "society" here. There were banquets at the villas which wealthy members of the Roman colony had established in the country — there were theatrical performances in the theatre which Herod the Great had foisted upon his scandalized subjects, and even an occasional wild beast show, or gladiatorial combat, for, wherever they went, the Romans took their pleasures with them.

But, for Duilia, everything in life was changed by her new interest in the study of the people around her. Few Romans bothered themselves about observing conquered peoples. Duilia, wearied of Rome, and prejudiced in favor of the Jews by the stories old Rachel had told her, was in just the proper mood to undertake a sympathetic study of Jewish life and customs.

She had gone about it systematically. It was impossible to establish really intimate relations with these reserved and race-conscious Jews, but she had made some few

friends and many acquaintances. At first, it is true, she had been bitterly disappointed in her idealized Judea. It was a dusty, squalid little country, on the whole. The only buildings which could claim to be called architecture, were the Roman palaces, and they were the worst of their type—the vulgar constructions of newly-rich tax-farmers.

Herod's temple was awe-inspiring, and his other buildings in Jerusalem and Jericho were magnificent, but with an oriental splendor to which her taste was not accustomed. Marcus reported that the cities of the Decapolis were really lovely, and that some of the work of the present Herod, and especially that of his brother Phillip, in Trachonitis, was worthy of ranking with the loveliest buildings of Rome.

But she had not come to Judea to see Roman architecture. She had expected so much, and, as yet, she found so little. Then gradually, the little white villages in the folds of the hills, the lily strown fields, the sparkling waves of Galilee, and the white flocks in the pastures, began to enter her heart.

By the time she had entered a few Jewish homes, seen a few of the great religious festivals from the Court of the Gentiles, witnessed the miracle of springtime on those rocky hills, and heard the teachings of Hillel and Gamaliel quoted, she knew that more than anything on earth, she wanted to understand this strange race of people, who seemed, to her excited imagination, to be set apart from the rest of the world for some inscrutable purpose.

Through a powerful Pharisee, one Nicodemus, who had frequent business with Pilate, and whom, consequently, she often met at the palace, she had been able to make arrangements to receive lessons in the ancient Hebrew, a language almost unknown to many Jewish men, to say nothing of their wives. Her Aramaic had become more fluent with use, but she was not satisfied with what she could pick up of Jewish tradition in occasional visits to the synagogues, and fragmentary conversation with her Jewish neighbors. She had conceived a desire to study the books of the law herself, and although it was a request productive of more suspicion than pleasure, yet with her money and the influence of Nicodemus, who wisely saw that her interest was not that of a spy—and conceived the shrewd notion that she might become helpful in future relations between conquerors and conquered—she had obtained her wish.

The man he had sent to her, was a young scribe, named Reuben, a pupil of Gamaliel, and a lawyer of great promise. By trade, he was a threadmaker, and he spoke on the Sabbath in some of the smaller of the four hundred and eighty synagogues of the Holy City. This offer of a pupil was a thoughtful act of charity on the part of Nicodemus, for, while no lawyer was allowed to receive money for teaching the Jewish boys who thronged around him to learn their alphabet, their "Shema," and the "Hallel," yet with a Gentile, he need make no scruples, and could accept gratefully, the generous sum which Duilia offered him.

He was an eager and a sympathetic man, with not a little enthusiasm for the conversion of the Gentiles—a trait not common to the Jerusalem Jews, although it was developed strongly in some of the members of the Dispersion. Seeing, therefore, the eager interest which his beautiful pupil brought to her studies, he went beyond the letter of his bargain, and expounded to her the beauties of the law with a fine missionary fervor—teaching her, perhaps, more than would have pleased the priests had they known of it, and in a friendly fashion which would, undoubtedly, have shocked the stricter Pharisees.

By the time Marcus returned to Jerusalem to stay, Tertia had become something of an authority on Jewish subjects, and had sometimes rendered real service to

Pilate. In the affair of the standards, which so nearly caused a minor revolt, because the Jews were willing to sacrifice anything rather than admit to the Holy City—not the insignia of the despots but the images of Caesar which were carved thereon, it was Duilia's insistent reiteration that the hatred of grave images was a real and active part of the most sacred religious feelings of the people, which finally decided the sceptical and amazed procurator, rather than all the protestations of an obviously frightened priesthood.

Marcus, during this time, had not failed to use his eyes. He learned almost as much from his soldierly observations, as did Tertia from her detailed studies, and his interest was stimulated by hers. They corresponded much more frequently than when she had lived in Rome, and their

Some editors are as amusing as the "funny men" in big-town shows. "There are fewer railway accidents than motor car accidents," says one of them, "and it may be because the engineer seldom hugs the fireman."

Junior Sermon

By the Rev. Thomas Wilson Dickert, D.D.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Text, John 8:12, "I am the light of the world."

The Gospel Lesson assigned to be read on Christmas is John 1:1-14. This is called the prologue, or introduction, to John's Gospel. As an introduction to this Christmas sermon, I will quote this whole prologue so that all of you will be sure to read it, and in the hope that some of you will commit it to memory. It is a great achievement to be able to recite some of the sublime passages of Scripture, among which this is one of the foremost; and the best time to learn some of these Scriptural gems is in childhood when the memory is most retentive.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended it not. There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the light, that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light. There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made through him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name: who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth."

One evening, when it was beginning to get dark, a small boy said to his mother: "Please put out the dark." The mother pressed a button which lit the light, and the darkness was gone. The only way to get rid of the dark is to put on the light. You might go into a dark room with a shovel and bucket and try to carry out the darkness, but no matter how hard you would work you could not get rid of the darkness in that way. Simply switch on the light and the darkness disappears.

A long time ago God looked down upon the earth and saw it lying in the darkness of sin and ignorance and superstition. God therefore sent His Son into the world to be the Light of the world. Many of the artists who painted pictures of the Christ-child put a halo about His head to show that He was a heavenly child.

Light had a great deal to do with the coming of Jesus into the world. The Wise-men from the east, about whom St. Matthew tells us, were guided by a star, which led them to the place where the Christ-child lay. And the shepherds, spoken of by St. Luke, were in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, when the angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.

"In him was life," as St. John tells us; "and the life was the light of men." God so loved the world that He gave His only

THE NATIVITY

On the night that Christ was born,
No human pair seemed more forlorn
Than Joseph and his wife.
Coming to the village inn,
They find there is no room within;
About them noise and strife.

No one seems to know or care,
Who are the weary, hapless pair
That stand without the door.
Men and women hurry by,
Not even toward them cast an eye,
Though needing help so sore.

Not in a spacious, royal castle,
But in a stable with the cattle,
A lodging place they find.
Mary, human, softly weeps,
But presently she gently sleeps,
Her will to God's resigned.

To her, before the morning breaks,
And the busy world awakes,
A baby boy is born—
Born in a stable in a stall,
A gloomy, noisome place, withal,
Of every comfort shorn!

We are standing at the manger,
Where they laid the little Stranger;
We gaze into His face.
The Son of God we here behold,
Whose coming sages long foretold;
The Savior of the race.

Earth is mute, it has no song,
But angels down from heaven throng,
His coming to acclaim.
They sing God's glory first, and then
Peace on earth, good will to men—
Which to bring He came.

Conrad Hassel.

discoveries gave them much subject for conversation when they met. Marcus Caelius began to realize that there was a Tertia whom he had never known—not the child whom he had married, and who had roused his brief passion, nor yet the painted lady of fashion who had disgusted him at Rome. This Tertia was a woman, a woman with a mind, a woman you could make friends with.

"By the way," he said one morning at the palace, "there's a new kind of prophet come out of the wilderness who's making himself fashionable. Do you care to go out and have a look at him? He ought to be in your line."

"You mean John?" said Tertia. "Yes, I've wanted to hear him. They say he's quite impressive. Reuben tells me he's the son of a priest named Zacharias, who was much respected in his time. There are stories of a miraculous birth, but I'm beginning to expect those of every one who gains the public ear in this country. There must be something about him, though, for he draws tremendous crowds."

(To be Continued)

begotten Son to be the Light of the world, and to dispel the darkness. John says further: "And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehendeth it not."

There are many persons who do not understand just what St. John means by this statement, especially by the word "apprehendeth." It was even harder to understand in the Authorized, or King James', Version, where the word is translated "comprehended"—"and the darkness comprehended it not." Some have thought that it meant, "and the darkness understood it not." "Apprehendeth" is a better translation than "comprehended," but even that is not as clear as it ought to be. Some light is thrown upon the meaning in the margin of the American Standard Version, where the word "overcame" is used, making it read: "And the darkness overcame it not." But I think the best and clearest translation is that given by Dr. James Moffatt, who makes the passage read:

"In him life lay,
and this life was the Light for men:
amid the darkness the Light shone,
but the darkness did not master it."

The light was too strong for the darkness and the darkness could not master it, but the Light "put out the dark."

An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight, the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary dark house, lonely and desolate, in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture indeed. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and cheer. That was the effect which the birth of Christ had upon the world. Wherever He went He brought light and health and comfort and cheer.

We read about a beautiful picture in one of our libraries which contains a group of all the great prophets of the Old Testament times. At one end of the painting are two men—Malachi and Zechariah, with their faces earnestly turned forward, their hands outstretched, their fingers pointing to some object that attracts them, and a tender clear light shines on them, the source of which we cannot see. If you turn to their books you will understand the artist's meaning. They looked eagerly for Christ, and spoke of His coming very soon after their own day. They were like men who stand on the top of some high mountain a little while before sunrise. Behind them the shadows are rapidly being driven lower and lower down the slopes, or are lurking only in the valleys. They are all silent, eager, expectant. Some have their hands outstretched toward the east, as they catch the first glimpse of the sun's disk above the horizon. These prophets knew the world was soon to be flooded with light, when Christ should show men how good and loving God is. And when Christ came, He said to the people, "I am the light of the world."

At the time when Jesus was born the world was passing through its greatest period of darkness. All the powers and principles of the world had been tried to the uttermost and found wanting. Heathenism was degraded to the lowest level. The Romans had fallen so low that they made gods of their emperors. The wisdom and philosophy of the Greeks had burned itself out. Even the religion of the Jews had run its course, and had become a burden to the people instead of a blessing. A pall of gloom and darkness was settling down upon the world. Into this gloom and darkness, when the fulness of the time had come, God sent His Son to be the Light of the world.

But it is one thing to say, "Christ is the light of the world"; and quite another thing to say, "Christ is my light." If you are able to say at this Christmastide, "Christ is my light," then you will have a happy Christmas indeed. Jesus said not only, "I am the light of the world," but also, "Ye are the light of the world"; and

THE PASTOR SAYS:

Probably many men who grew rich at the expense of others and now have little or nothing, have time to think it over.

—Now and Then.

His request to you is: "Even so let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

In the words of P. P. Bliss let us sing:

"The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin;

The Light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday, His glory shone in,

The Light of the world is Jesus.

"No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,

The Light of the world is Jesus.

"Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus."

The Family Altar

A. W. Krampe, D.D.

HELP FOR THE WEEK OF DEC. 19-25

Memory Verse: For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life. John 3:16.

Memory Hymn: "As With Gladness Men of Old."

Theme: God's Gift to Man. Luke 2:8-20.

Monday—God's Gift Given

Luke 2:1-7

Again we are permitted to celebrate the greatest event in the world's history—The Birth of Jesus. Three of our meditations are based upon Luke's account of this wonderful event. God's gift to man is the theme, and truly Jesus is God's "unspeakable gift" to man. Our hearts rejoice and with Paul we say: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." The passage for today calls attention to the fact that God so directed the affairs that Our Saviour, as the son of David, was born in Bethlehem, the city of David. In this way the prophecy of Micah was fulfilled. The Emperor Augustus and King Herod unconsciously made their contribution to the fulfillment of this prophecy. All things work together to carry out God's plan.

Prayer: Thou, O God, dost work in a mysterious way, Thy wonders to perform. We thank Thee for the gift of Thy Son and for all that Thou hast given unto us in Him. Amen.

Tuesday—God's Gift Described

Luke 2:8-14

There was no room for Jesus in the inn, hence He was placed by Mary in a manger. Paul writes, 2 Cor. 8:9, "He became poor for our sakes, that we through His poverty might become rich." In striking contrast to this humble, earthly origin of Jesus is the announcement of His birth by heavenly messengers to lowly shepherds. These simple men, while performing their work, were the first to receive the good news. In the place where Boaz had lived and where David spent his boyhood days, the shepherds heard the wonderful message "Unto you is born a Saviour," every word of which is important. What a strange sign is given to them. "Ye shall find a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a

manger." Snowden says: "Jesus was closer to the great heart of the world in that manger, than He would have been in a golden couch up in a palace."

Prayer:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight." Amen.

Wednesday—God's Gift Proclaimed

Luke 2:15-20

An angel chorus appeared and sang of glory to God and peace among men. This angelic host recognized the unspeakable gift of God brought to earth in this Babe, and their voices raised a song of praise for God's great love and grace, manifested in this gift. In obedience to the heavenly vision the shepherds went to Bethlehem and upon finding Mary and the Babe, they worshiped and immediately, glorifying God, they spread the good news. And since that day the good news has been proclaimed in carols and sermons and the hearts of thousands upon thousands have been made to rejoice. We too may join the number of those who tell the glad tidings of the Saviour who is ready to enter into our hearts and be born in us.

Prayer:

"Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night:
To the shepherds of Judea
Watching in the earliest dawn,
So they bear the joyful tidings,
Jesus 'Prince of Peace is born.'
Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing thro' the stormy sky,
As they chant the heav'nly music,
'Glory be to God on high.' Amen.

Thursday—God's Gift Rejected

Luke 23:13-21

The passage brings to our attention a scene from the Passion Story of Jesus. Pilate and Herod both declared Jesus to be innocent, the former especially was anxious to set Jesus free. But the priests and rulers of the Jews were determined to have Jesus put to death. They stirred up the people who cried out: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Kill Jesus and release Barabbas for us." Thus the people rejected the "Gift of God." They disowned the Holy and Just One and killed the very source of life—Acts 3:14. It is true many of them did not realize what they were doing, they acted, as Peter says (Acts 3:17) in ignorance—yet the great gift of God was rejected. Many today are doing the same thing. They pay no attention to the offer of God's love, they carelessly live on in the old way, not realizing that they are virtually saying: "We do not want the gift of God's grace."

Prayer: Father in Heaven, we do not always show our appreciation of Thy great love for us. We often act, perhaps in ignorance, as though we did not want Jesus to rule over us. Forgive us and open our eyes to the great danger of such careless living. Amen.

God's Gift Received

John 6:66-71

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." John 1:11-12. There have always been these two classes, and there always will be. Even in the small group of the Twelve we find these two classes. At the crisis in Galilee, Peter, as the spokesman for at least the greater part of his fellow-disciples, rises to a height, making a wonderful confession of faith in, and love for Christ. This small group was willing to accept in simple faith the offer of God's gift. In this they were

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sincere and as a result their appreciation of Jesus grew day by day until later they fully understood what this gift of God implied. May we, like Peter and his friends, say: "To whom can we go, we believe and are satisfied, etc."

Prayer: At this blessed season, O Master, where Thou art coming so near to us, to enter into our hearts and to be born anew in us, give us grace to bid Thee enter in with all of Thy heavenly grace and love and power to make us Thine own. Amen.

Saturday—God's Gift to All
John 3:16-21

Our passage containing a summary of the Gospel, is peculiarly fitting for this day. We have made preparations for Christmas and as true Christians we are not only looking for material gifts, but for the gift of gifts, the unspeakable gift of God. As love prompts us to make others happy, so love was the motive that prompted God to send His Son. God wants to save and bless not a select few, but all. The same thought is contained in the angel's message: "I bring you glad tidings—to all the people." God in his infinite love has made provision to save all. That is the significance of the all-embracing breadth of the words—you, world, all. All are to have a share in the blessings which God is so willing to give unto us in His Son.

Prayer:

"Holy night, peaceful night,
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep,
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace." Amen.

Sunday—God's Gift, the Prince of Peace
Isa. 9:6-7

It has been said, and rightly so, that there is nothing in all literature to match our passage in depth of thought, and in beauty of expression. How these words have endeared themselves to us. They have been set to music and every year we sing them and never grow tired of them. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," etc. The four names—"Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace"—give us a beau-

tiful and vivid picture of Jesus' character and work. Our Deliverer is the Prince of Peace, or as Paul puts it: "He is our Peace." In Him we have peace with God and with men. How much the world needs Him! May we open the door to Him. What a Merry and Blessed Christmas it would be!

Prayer: On this Christmas Day our hearts are filled with joy and thanksgiving for the gift of the Saviour. We thank Thee, Father, that He, the Prince of Peace, has come into the world. We open our hearts that He may find a place in our lives. Amen.

A lady heard her new colored maid answering the telephone one morning. "Yes'm," the girl replied to the 'phone question; and again "Yes'm." Her third answer was, "It sho is"—then she hung up.

"What was wanted, Lucy?" her mistress asked.

"Well, ma'am," said Lucy, "she asked if this was your house and I told her yes, then she asked if you was home and I said yes. Then she said, 'Long distance from Washington,' and I said, 'It sho is'."

Boston Transcript.

When a Locomotive Engineer Played Santa Claus

By Richard K. Morton

Christmas almost at hand! From a fourth-story back window of a poorly built, dirty, ill-kept house in the heart of the soot-laden tenement district a little boy and girl leaned out and surveyed the railroad tracks that lay below and streamed off into the mysterious and romantic distance.

How they wanted something to happen! Something that would bring them Christmas! Something that would give them a few clean, new clothes, and a few playthings! Something that would lessen the care of their sad-looking mother and father! Something that would make sickness and privation less terrible.

It was not likely that Christmas would mean much to them! "Santa Claus wouldn't see all the dirt in the back yard, would he?" said the boy to his sister. "I don't think he could climb that dirty old fence, either—and maybe he'd get run over by the trains."

"Well, maybe even if the railroad men let him come down the tracks and into our yard, he wouldn't want to climb all the dark, shaky stairs to get up here," she replied. "He never has come up here. You see, Christmas comes only over where the great big railroad station is, where all the big trains stop. Nobody with Christmas comes over here."

"I wish Christmas would come to us once," said the boy wistfully. "I saw some pictures once of a great big Christmas tree all decorated and loaded with presents. My, I wish we could have a tree, and I wish that whenever a visitor comes she wouldn't always have to bring just things to eat."

"Maybe when we grow bigger," his sister replied, "we can go way over in the city at Christmas time and see all the pretty things and listen to Christmas stories and music. And maybe we can some time see what's in the great big world over where the railroad tracks go. What do you suppose it is like where those tracks go? Are the people happy, and do they have lots of fun and good things?"

"Oh, look!" exclaimed the boy, as he noticed a great train roaring and thundering down the tracks toward the station. "My, wouldn't you like to ride on one of those? Just think then how much you'd see at Christmas time! Look at all the people in the train! Do you suppose

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they're all going to have a nice Christmas? I'll bet the engine man is proud, too, because he runs that big train and he takes people home for Christmas and he makes that big train do lots of things for people."

"Yes," said the little girl after a moment. "But there is sadness, too. Last

Christmas, remember, a little girl was run over by a great big train. And when they found her she had a little Christmas toy in her hand—I guess it was the only one she ever had, and she could get that one only by going for it herself, and so she went across the tracks."

"I remember," said the boy, "and one time too a great big engineer had to run his train all through the Christmas season when he had to spend an awful lot of money for his wife and children, who had been in the hospital, and they didn't have any money even for food. I don't think anybody knew that he was carrying them all home safely to their Christmas when he couldn't have one at all, himself. He was awfully good and kind to all his folks, too. Maybe we'll see him some time."

Several snorting, steel-ribbed, fuming, steam-fed monsters roared down the tracks. Few on board saw the two small heads in the tenement window.

"What do you say," exclaimed the little girl suddenly, "if we wave to some of the engine men? Maybe they'll see us, and then maybe we can wave to them 'Merry Christmas.' That would be a little Christmas for us, anyway, and perhaps the engine man would like it, too, for he may have some little boys and girls of his own at home who want Christmas to come."

"Let's!" agreed the boy briefly.

They waved to the next train that came by—but could see no answering wave, for they did not know that several in the train had seen them too late to wave back, but carried that little bit of friendliness with them for many a day.

There came a time when the hard-working trainmen did see two little handkerchiefs being waved by two small children from a tenement window. Without thinking much of it, they waved back indifferently, and then forgot about it.

They waved to others, and received more answering waves. As the days went by, and Christmas drew very near, many people and many engineers had seen them. And they began to remember seeing them once or twice before. Regular travelers and many of the engineers found themselves looking for the friendly waving of the children.

Some of the travelers thought for the first time what Christmas would probably mean to such children. The engineers knew even more of what the tenement children's life must be like. They began to realize how much they enjoyed a little Christmas cheer themselves. Many appeals from wealthy men or from the Church might not have affected them in the least; but these little evidences of friendliness at Christmas time pulled strongly on their heart strings. Many were not men of great moral insight, but they understood what such greetings meant.

A few more days went by, and the engineers and the children seemed drawn together in bonds of friendliness and holiday happiness. The engineers were surprised to see a worn wreath at the window where the children were accustomed to appear. They evidently meant it as a more distinctive Christmas greeting.

Then came a day of storms during the holiday season. Just as the snow was abating somewhat, the children, who had been watching for friendly engineers, saw a man sneak down to the tracks near a big switch and do something to the track. Something was wrong; he should not be doing that!

The children knew how frequently the trains ran on those tracks. They knew what would happen if something was wrong with the rails during the beautiful holiday season.

There was only one thing to do. Hastily, the boy drew on his coat and ran for the place where he had seen the man at his work. When he arrived there through the dirty snow, he was out of breath, and he was not sure that anything was wrong. He knew that if nothing were wrong he would be severely punished for trespassing on

the tracks. Only a few moments passed before a great locomotive came pounding down toward him, bearing a long line of coaches. He ran toward it shouting.

Instantly, the engineer saw him, and thought it only a troublesome child trespassing dangerously on the tracks. But the boy seemed excited and determined to stop the train. The great locomotive, after much grinding of the brakes, came to a stop not far from the boy, and the engineer and fireman immediately descended and ran toward the boy, angrily demanding what he was doing on the tracks.

"Come, Mr. Engine Man," said the boy excitedly, "I think there's something wrong. I saw a man sneak down here and do something to the track."

After a brief inspection, the trainmen whistled. A rail connection had been so loosened that the speed and weight of the holiday specials soon would have caused a derailment or serious smash-up at the point.

The boy was taken into the engine cab,

THE MASTER'S VOICE

The merry time of Christmas
Tangs again the air,
And cheery smiling faces
Are beaming everywhere.

For folks are glad at Christmas
Loving deeds to render;
Spilling gladness into hearts
Aglow with Christmas splendor.

Happy in the birth of Him
Who came mankind to save;
Happy in the love of Him
Who true salvation gave.

There is a warmth of gladness
That comes with Christmas cheer,
That helps all loving Christians
His glorious name revere.

So isn't it fine at Christmas
That Christians all rejoice;
Still hear ringing thru the years
The loving Master's voice?

Harry Troupe Brewer.
Hagerstown, Md.

and was almost beside himself with delight as the men praised him and told him much about the great engine. Few in the great train knew what the boy had done for them.

The engineer took the boy to the head office in the station, where he was given a reward. An official was interested in the case, and resolved to do something more for the boy. So did the engineer.

The most wonderful thing of all, to the boy, was the fact that the engineer said that he would some time take him on a long trip, and that he would always wave to him as he passed by. He said, too, that he and his sister could regard his train as their special train, run just for them. The boy went home and excitedly told his wide-eyed sister and his father and mother what had happened.

On the very next day visitors from welfare institutions, sent by the railway official, came and brought many supplies and gifts, and a Christmas tree and its decorations. Later a position was found for the boy's father.

On the very next night, which was Christmas Eve, the family received a costly gift from the head of the railroad. But perhaps the most enjoyable of all was a friendly visit from the engineer whose train the boy had saved. He brought little gifts to them from his own children, and laughed and talked with them all for a long while. It was a wonderful Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Day a kindly man came

and took them to a great Church, where the boy and girl learned much of the Child of Bethlehem of whom they had so long wanted to hear. They saw a pageant of the Nativity, and looked with staring eyes at a beautiful representation of the manger scene where the infant Savior once lay. They were thrilled and inspired.

It was a wonderful Christmas for them. The friendliness which the spirit of Christmas in their young hearts prompted them to show toward others, no matter in what circumstances they or the others might be, was a worthy basis for the building up of lives in accordance with the message which the infant Savior brought to the world when He grew up. When the engineer played Santa Claus, he simply was the agent of God to bring to these pure, innocent hearts the beautiful and enduring story of the Child of Bethlehem.

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BAD ROAD AHEAD

The trees are stripped of all their golden leaves—

The beauty of the sunset makes me pause;

My tailor's bills are in a lawyer's hands—
And I've not heard a word from Santa Claus.

My last year's hats look weary and forlorn,
My gowns are frayed and clearly out of style,
I broke a corner off my tooth today—
I dare not even break into a smile.

When Christmas comes this year poor Santa Claus,
Who used to look so prosperous and dandy,

Will have laid all his reindeers off, I think,
And come dressed up to look like Gandhi.

Jean Douglas, in New York Sun.

Puzzle Box

ANSWERS TO—WORD SANDWICHES, No. 7

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1. Abate | 5. Elide |
| 2. Bride | 6. Ferry |
| 3. Candy | 7. Gourd |
| 4. Drape | 8. Heart |

HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE IN RHYME, No. 28

My first is in Christmas but not in day,
My second's in shepherds but not in way.
My third is in angels but not in sing.
My fourth is in worship but not in wing.
My fifth is in winter but not in spring.
My sixth is in manger but not in inn.
My seventh is in glory but not in night,
My eighth is in story but not in sight.
My ninth is in "Fear not!" but not in bring,
My tenth is in joy bells but not in ring.
My eleventh is in Wise Men but not in gold,
My twelfth is in treasure but not in hold.
My thirteenth is in herald but not in news,
My fourteenth is in "Good Will" but not in abuse.
My fifteenth is in mother but not in child,
My sixteenth is in Herod but not in mild.
My seventeenth is in seeking the One from above,
My eighteenth is in Christmas the day we all love.

My whole is what led the Wise Men to the manger cradle.

A. M. S.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
At sixty miles or better,
A cop unkind
Was right behind—

They're seeking bail by letter.

Boston Transcript.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

Wherever the Christmas story has been told, there Christmas greetings are exchanged very much like those of our own country. When the German says "Froehliche Weihnachten," and the French say "Joyeux Noel," and the Italians, "Buon Natale," the Spanish "Felices Pascuas" or the Dutch "Um prettige Kerstmis," they are greeting one another with the message of "Merry Christmas." The Christmas customs with which we are familiar in our country, have come to us very largely from the early Puritan and German settlers. And yet, because of the widely differing climatic conditions found in our country, Christmas celebrations differ among us almost as much as they differ in European countries.

—Germany—

In Germany the Christmas tree is always the center of their festivities. Every family has at least one tree, and where there are any unable to buy one, there are societies that endeavor to supply a tree for every such home. Their trees are decorated with ornaments, cakes and candies, as well as candles that are lighted when special occasion calls for the illumination. Under the tree there is usually placed a miniature manger with figures representing Mary, Joseph and the Christ Child. Christmas eve is the time for viewing the tree, distributing gifts and the singing of carols. On Christmas morning there are services held in the Churches, while food and other gifts are distributed to the poor.

—France—

There does not seem to be any fixed time for celebrating Christmas in France, like as in Germany. Services are held in the Churches on Christmas Day while the giving of gifts is reserved for New Year's Day, which is a time of great hilarity. While there are some Christmas trees, the yule log is very much in evidence with its traditions, while "Noel" (Christmas) is heard on every tongue. Many children build a creche, which is a representation of the holy manger. An overhanging star, with figures of shepherds and their flocks on a hillside complete the picture.

—England—

Once the boar's head formed the centerpiece on the dinner table at Christmas time in England. Now, like with us, the turkey prevails, while their famous plum pudding remains as their familiar dessert. Singing of carols is widespread. From midnight until Christmas dawn carolers sing through city streets and out in the country villages. Children hang their stockings by the fireside and call up the chimney to Santa, telling him of their wants. The day is given over to services in the morning and family reunions in the evening. At these reunions there is singing and story telling, with the reading of Dicken's "Christmas Carol." The Christmas tree is also finding a place in their family festivities.

—Holland—

If you went to Holland Christmas eve you would find rows of wooden shoes on the doorsteps. These are filled with hay to feed the reindeer of good Saint Nicholas. The original Saint Nicholas was a bishop of Smyrna who, according to legend, gave gifts to the three daughters of a poor tradesman. After his death he became the Patron Saint of the children, who set out their shoes to receive his gifts. Our own Santa Claus is traced directly to this Dutch Saint Nicholas. Holland has also its special services on Christmas Day.

—Italy—

Christmas in Italy is the time for family gatherings. Every family has its miniature manger for its religious significance. There are special services held in all the Churches, which culminate in one great service of splendor in St. Peter's in Rome. There is not so general an exchange of gifts as in other countries, though this custom is growing in popularity in Italy.

—Spain—

Here the milder climate enables the peo-

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ple to hold many of their festivities out-of-doors. Dancing is the central custom for all festal days. At midnight families go in groups to mass. The Churches are beautifully decorated and the priests wear embroidered and jeweled robes, which are only worn on this day. Further services are held during the day. Gifts are exchanged on January 6 (Epiphany Day) and the three Wise Men take the place of Santa Claus for the little Spanish children. Instead of a Christmas tree, every family has its holy manger.

Ambrose M. Schmidt.

BONERS FROM THE ZOOLOGY CLASS

A kangaroo is an animal with a rumble seat for its children.

The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express itself by any sound because its neck is so long that its voice gets tired on the way to its mouth.

A quadruped is an animal who has four children all born at once.

The leopard has on its body black spots

which look like round black soars. The people who catches the soars on them keep very ill, it is called leopardy.

Boston Transcript.

Birthday Greetings

By Alliene De Chant Seltzer

Christmas always makes us think of giving, and your Birthday Lady can scarcely wait to tell you about the gifts our Mission Band at Irwin, Pa., sent to Japan. And we'll let the Mission Band leader tell us, won't we?—Minnie E. Boyer, a former Kiski Conference delegate.

"Hello, everybody! This is a new country speaking. We are the Mission Band from Irwin, Pa., and we have a story to tell, and here it is: Last summer our Mission Band became interested in a friend in Japan, Miss Mary Gerhard. She sent us some handwork that the Japanese boys and girls in the Sendai kindergarten had made

—some dolls to cut out and other things. Of course we wanted to do something in return, so this is what we did: We wrote back and thanked her for the gifts and asked what she would like to have us send to them. She sent us a list of things that she would like to have, such as aprons, handkerchiefs, dolls, paper plates, napkins, crepe paper, pictures and puzzles. So we thought we would send what we could. In Mission Band we made the puzzles, then some of the children took little dolls home to dress; my counselor and I made aprons; a very good friend gave us many different kinds of crepe paper for Christmas decorations, and to cut out. The primary department of the Sunday School gave us some very nice pictures; we bought some handkerchiefs; and then as we had some posters, made in Mission Band before (perhaps some of you have made the same panels—they are the 'Farm Panels'), we sent all of these, packed in a box, to those little Japanese children. Now I

know that all the rest of you wish with us that they will have a very Merry Christmas and that perhaps these things will help, don't you? We would love to hear from someone else who is doing things in their Mission Band. Byebye.

The Irwin Mission Band
Leader, Minnie E. Boyer
Counselor, Mrs. A. G. Carlson."

So here's "For Others at Christmas" greetings to all my givers who will be inspired by the Irwin Mission Band "to go and do likewise."

Teacher: "Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth."

Tommy: "I wish I could—it's the toothache."—New Haven Register.

WHERE PLANTS DO OVERTIME

You would not expect to find oats, wheat, sweet clover, potatoes, lettuce, radishes,

carrots, spinach, onions, cabbage, parsnips and turnips, growing in a fur trader's garden fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle. But they do. Archdeacon Fleming of the Arctic Mission in Canada, who is on a visit to England, was visiting part of his diocese by air this summer, when his pilot was obliged to make a forced landing, near the point where the Thunder River runs into the Mackenzie, and he met Mr. William D. Clark, trader and trapper, who showed him his garden. All these things grow in such quantities, he told his unexpected visitor, that he has fresh vegetables all the winter. Last year 95% of his cabbages headed and some of them weighed 7 pounds and even 10 pounds. He had turnips weighing 5 pounds. The explanation would seem to be that in that region, while the sun is never overhead, there is a period of perpetual daylight when, in the words of the Archdeacon, the plants are "doing overtime."

H. W. Peet.

THE EVANGELICAL WOMEN'S UNION

How It Functions

The Evangelical Women's Union consists of 11 District Unions, 42 Federations, chiefly within these District Unions, 1,525 local societies being thus banded together. The total membership is 90,000 women. The Union functions through its six departments of work: General Education, Religious Work, Missionary Education, Christian Stewardship, Social Welfare and Christian Citizenship, each having a definite group of objectives throughout the year. A chairman for each department is appointed in the Synodical organization (the Women's Union), in every District Union and every Federation as well as in every local society. These leaders are responsible for the working out of the objectives, projected by the Women's Union.

Outstanding Events

Conventions are held quadrennially. In 1923, a gathering of more than 6,000 women gained information and inspiration at Elmhurst, Ill. In 1925, Cleveland, Ohio, entertained the convention and in 1929, 2,000 or more women attended the largest convention ever held at Detroit, Mich. All Evangelical women are looking forward with great anticipation to the convention to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., in June, 1933.

Two Officers' Conferences have been held, one at the Seminary at Webster Groves, Mo., and the other at Elmhurst College. In these gatherings all District Union and Federation officers convene to study the problems they have in common in the promotion of the Kingdom work. These conferences have proven most helpful to those, to whom the task of carrying out the objectives of the Union are allotted. These are held quadrennially, alternating with the conventions.

Projects

The Monthly Program. The most effective instrument in the hands of the Women's Union is its "Monthly Program." At the time of its inception but few existing societies were conducting an inspirational-informational meeting. The vast majority were only collecting dues and drinking a cup of coffee. Through the Monthly Program they have gained valuable information and are conducting the monthly meeting in a praiseworthy manner. Not only does it give the local society a definite program but it is also the mouthpiece of the Women's Union. Its topics are so arranged that they promote the objectives of the Union, and of the Synod; and give the society such topics as it prefers its constituency to discuss. It has the reputation of standing first as a means of upbuilding the Women's Union work, and in the advancement of the knowledge and thinking of its members.

The Thank Offering. In 1927 the Thank Offering was introduced in the local societies. This beautiful custom has been grow-

ing rapidly, and has within this brief space of time built a Zenana bungalow at Parsabhadar, India; promoted mission work in the Ozark Mountains; contributed a year's offering to the Ministerial Pension Fund; built a Mission Church in Seattle, Wash., and a high school for boys at Raipur, India. At the present time it is building a cottage for retired pastors in the Pastors' Home at Blue Springs, Mo., and a parsonage on Madeline Island, together with a substantial contribution toward a new mission station in the province of Olancha in Honduras.

Oakwood Institute. The Training School for laywomen workers in the Synod, located at Cincinnati, Ohio, proved one of the incentives for a united effort in women's organizations, and has therefore always been the "special charge of the Women's Union." To February, 1932, \$37,497.83 had been contributed to this school.

Religious Work. Through the Religious Work department the religious life of the individual is zealously nourished, through the promotion of various projects, such as family altar, which reports show number more than 1,900, through an extensive campaign for the subscription to the Church papers, in which in 1931, 882 new subscribers were secured, and through evangelistic campaigns, as fostered by the local Church. Recently, another phase of fine spiritual experience has been undertaken by this department, namely, retreats or meditation days. While these are still in the experimental stage, they have already proven themselves worthy of further developing. The women retire from the world for a definite period, to meditate and to pray. One cannot praise this phase of religious work too highly. Splendid work has been done in Evansville, Ind., Burlington, Iowa, and particular mention should be made of the two-day Meditation of the South Illinois District Union at Eden Seminary.

Prayer Circle. This beautiful custom was introduced by a former missionary, Miss Martha Gaebé, who sought to utilize more fully the power of prayer in giving the Gospel of salvation to others by enlisting others to join her in daily prayer, to extend the Kingdom around the world. The circle now has more than 2,000 members. Each member is provided with a booklet entitled "Pray Ye," which suggests a definite mission project as the objective of a day's prayer for each day of the month. Bi-monthly the Mission Boards of the Synod send a letter entitled "The Fellowship of Prayer" to each member of the Circle.

Mission Study Classes. The Missionary Education department further creates interest in missions through the Mission Study Class. One book suggested by the denomination and one by the interdenominational boards are studied annually. This phase of the work is growing rapidly.

Evangelical Day of Prayer for Missions is held on Ascension Day. A special pro-

gram is produced annually and this day also is receiving the attention of more societies annually. In 1932 the number of societies participating doubled itself.

The Katherine Goetsch Memorial. In 1933 the Women's Union seeks to immortalize one of its most valuable members, who has gone to the Higher Life, Mrs. Katherine Goetsch, through the erection of a missionary bungalow in Chandrapur, India. Mrs. Goetsch was an ardent missionary in India for many years and at the time of her "passing on" was a member of the Board of Directors of the Women's Union. The project is to cost \$7,000.

Stewardship. Christian Stewardship is constantly being promoted through reading courses, plays, pageants, and the distribution of literature.

Other Benevolent Projects. Local societies have always to a large extent aided the local Church in many of its special projects—in 1931 having contributed \$143,579.66 to such projects, the institutions of charity of the Synod receive a large percentage of their contributions from the local societies, this amounting to approximately \$21,000 in 1931. Federations and District Unions make definite projects the subject of their benevolence, throughout the year. Following are a few: New York District Union in 1931, \$1,597.74 to improving the Leadership Training School property at Dunkirk, N. Y., and are raising funds for an auto for Dr. Gass, a medical missionary in India; South Illinois District Union purchased a "kitchen aid" for Eden Seminary, and recently in a special anniversary offering contributed \$800 to an orphan home in Hoyleton, Ill.; North Illinois in 1931 purchased an auto for a missionary in India, and in 1932 are furnishing a dining room in the Old Folks' Home at Bensenville, Ill. Many Federations are active in community welfare, the St. Louis Federation doing outstanding work in this line. Others, also, are making like contributions, many making special gifts to Synodical projects.

Parent Training and Women's Union Libraries. These educational features, recently instituted, are making a great contribution toward presenting information to the members of the Union, who are the mothers of the future generation.

Presentation of Objectives. The Executive Secretary, the Assistant Secretary and several members of the Board of Directors, as well as others well acquainted with the objectives of the Union, personally present and promote the work of the Women's Union at conventions, group meetings, Federation rallies, officers' conferences and the like. A definite Speakers' Bureau is available. Literature on every department of work is distributed. The "Women's Page" in the "Evangelical Herald," a space in the "Monthly News" of the Synodical offices, city Church papers and circular letters are effective means of disseminating information.

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(By Mrs. Elsa Reichenbach.)

THE CHURCH SERVICES

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Prof. Theo. F. Herman, D.D., Lancaster, Pa.

Christmas Sunday. December 25, 1932.

God's Gift to Man

Luke 2:8-20

Golden Text: For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life. John 3:16.

Lesson Outline: 1. The Giver. 2. The Gift. 3. The Glory.

Christmas is still far away as this lesson is being written. The very word suggests the hustle and bustle of cooking and shopping, of busy homes and crowded stores. It conjures up the glamor of lighted trees and of beaming faces. But all these outward trappings of Christmas are lacking at the beginning of December. There is only the story that forms our lesson, so simple and so sublime.

Too early to write about Christmas and to think about it? Not if we have even a faint understanding of the meaning of that story for all the ages of mankind. Then Christmas would last all the year. Every day we should sing praises unto God for the unspeakable gift of His love.

But there lies our difficulty. We have modernized Christmas, and for multitudes it has been paganized. They are cumbered with many cares of preparation and celebration, but they make no room in the crowded inn of their life for the Babe that was born in Bethlehem. They do not hear "the song in the air" that put a new melody into the heart of mankind. They do not see "the star in the sky" that sheds its radiance into life's darkest mystery.

No, it is not too early to think about Christmas, if we want to retain or recover for heart and home its glory. There need be no less preparation to make the day full of good cheer for our kindred and friends, and, this year especially, for all the needy brethren of Him who was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. But let us prepare our spirits as well by frequent meditation. "The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing." Sweet, indeed, is the laughter of hearts made happy at Christmas, and sweeter the carols of little children. But that is only an echo of the angelic song. To hear that celestial melody, sweeter than any earthly, we must attune our hearts to it. "O hush your noise, ye men of strife, and hear the angels sing."

I. The Giver. On Christmas day God seems very close to men, and heaven near to earth. That, we know, is not always so. There are times when men gaze up into the illimitable sky wondering where God is and what He is. The curtain that hides Him from mortal eyes seems thick,

then, and stifling. And the heart grows sick with fear and wonder.

But at Christmas-tide those distant heavens burst asunder with music, and we catch a glimpse of the veiled glory of the universe. Nay, more. That veiled glory is manifested on earth. It dwells among men full of grace and truth. For in that fulness of time the Word that was God became flesh. In Christ we know that this infinite God is our Father. His true and only name is Love.

That is why God comes very close to us on this hallowed day. "Love" and "Father," we understand. These words denote life at its best and highest. All their associations are of peace and strength and joy. And if love describes the inmost character of God, then all is well with this world, provided men will reciprocate the love of their Father in the filial spirit of humble trust and loyal obedience. There are names given to God that we do not understand at all. They remove Him far from our understanding, and they chill our devotion. They represent the effort of men, of philosophers and scientists, to spell out the name of the Infinite and Eternal. They are the result of man's quest of God.

But the glory of Christmas lies in the blessed assurance that man's quest of God is not merely useless, but needless, for God has come to man. He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." The Word, John tells us, was with God from all eternity, and it had never been silent. But in Christ the Word became flesh. God Himself, as it were, walked among men and spoke to them in the life and teaching of Christ. His redemptive ministry exhausted the divine vocabulary. He was our Father's last word. More than that God cannot say to us to tell us who He is and what He wants. There is no other hope or help for a world that rejects the revelation of God's inmost heart and character through Jesus Christ. It spurns love, and the ways of love. It enthrones the opposite of love, whose ways lead to darkness and death.

"Still through the cloven skies they come,

With peaceful wings unfurled;

And still their heavenly music floats

O'er all this weary world:

Above its sad and lowly plains

They bend on hovering wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds

The blessed angels sing."

Blessed are the child-hearted who hear that angelic song amid all the din of the modern world. It proclaims that God is love. Many are the hearts that are burdened this year, and much will be done by men to lighten these heavy burdens. But there is only one thing that can put music into the sad heart of humanity, the melody of triumphant faith in a world of sin and suffering. That is the song the angels sang when Christ was born.

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II. The Gift. Jesus is God's gift to the world. The gift of a Father's love. Can we possibly say more about Christ, or describe Him better? We know how men through all the ages have woven crowns of honor and titles of majesty for their Redeemer. They are the tribute of grateful hearts, and they shed their lustre upon Him. But we sum it all up when we say, in humble faith, Unto us a child is born, and unto us a Son is given, whose name is Jesus—Saviour!

Yet how simple is Luke's account of the surpassing event of His birth. Mary and Joseph had journeyed eighty weary miles from their residence in Nazareth to their ancestral home in Bethlehem, in order to register their names in a census that had been commanded by the emperor. While they were sojourning in the early home of David, Jesus was born, "great David's greater Son." "She brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

Stable, manger, and swaddling clothes are not the setting a romancer would have chosen for the birth of the world's Saviour. They confound the wisdom of man, but they reveal the unfathomable wisdom of God, who, in the fulness of time, manifested His infinite love in a Babe that blossomed into the one perfect life this earth has known. His supreme gift to mankind was not a sceptered king,

clothed with royal power. It was not a book filled with supernatural information, nor an institution endowed with sacramental grace. It was not a new code of laws. It was a man born of woman, but filled with His Spirit. It was a life of infinite love in whose glory men saw the Father.

If men ask us, Who is God, or what is He like? What is His attitude toward mankind, His purpose and His power? we point to Jesus Christ. He is our final answer to all the supreme questions of life. He is the only answer we know. If that answer were not true, the life of mankind would be a silly jest, a riddle without rhyme or reason.

But Christ is the Truth, the Way, and the Life. We have followed Him, only from afar, perhaps, and not as we ought, but we have found in His fellowship peace and hope and joy. Therefore we call Him our Lord, and crown Him with honor. We cannot fully fathom the mystery of His birth, and life and death. But we know that He is God's greatest gift to a sinful world. We believe that He alone can show mankind the way home to God.

There is only one dark touch in the glorious narrative of Jesus' birth. "There was no room for them in the inn." That spacious caravansary at Bethlehem was crowded to its rafters with a motley throng. There was room for peasants and priests, for merchants and soldiers, for idlers and roysterers. But there was no room for Christ to be born. And that great Roman Empire was full of war and strife, of want and tears, of sin and suffering. But there was no room in it for Jesus, the Saviour. It crucified Him.

So our big world is full of human ambition, and bursting with the enterprises of man. But Jesus is crowded out of many spheres that He longs to fill with His truth and grace. We work and play, we strive and suffer, we love and hate, we live and die. But do we make room for Christ in all this varied fabric of our lives? We still keep Him standing on the threshold of our civilization, the while we burn incense to Mars and Mammon, even though our worship of these false gods has plunged us into ruin.

III. The Glory. But the glory of Christmas abides. That glory is found in the angelic proclamation, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

In this angelic message, ending with a doxology, we find the ineffable glory of Christmas. It makes this day the greatest and gladdest in all human history. Jesus our Saviour has come. That is the good news Christmas proclaims to all mankind. Christ is here to save and sanctify men, to deliver them from sin and make them the children of God. That is the source of our deepest joy at Christmas. All who receive this glad tidings in humble trust, like the Judean shepherds, will praise God for the glory of His gracious love.

There are still many who have no ear for the glad tidings, and no faith in its deep meaning. But that angelic sermon has sung itself deep into the heart of the world. It has never been silenced. All the ages have repeated it in an ever-swelling chorus. It lights millions of prophetic candles in our Christmas trees, and it kindles deathless hopes in our hearts, of peace on earth and goodwill toward men. Some day all the world will hasten to Bethlehem on Christmas day to praise God for the gift of His love, for we have His promise that the good tidings of great joy shall be to all the people.

A happy Christmas to all!

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC

By the Rev. Charles E. Schaeffer, D.D.

Dec. 25: Christmas in Picture, Song and Story. Luke 2:8-20

Christmas is one of the great festivals of the year. It is set in the heart of winter. It is a festival of the hearth. It is celebrated around the fireside. It is a family festival with parents and the child in the midst. It is peculiarly the children's day. Little children romp and frolic and old folks are made young once more. The whole scene revolves around a little child in a manger bed. The first Christmas is so vividly described for us in the opening chapters of St. Luke's Gospel. It is doubtful whether in all literature there is anything more beautiful, more wonderful than those first two chapters in Luke. It is so colorful, so simple, so full, so complete, so unique that no writer has ever been able to excel it. What varied and interesting characters move before us in this fascinating account of the birth of Jesus! There is old age and there is childhood. There is the priest, the mother, the father; there are angels and the shepherds; there are the wise men who have come from afar. There is midnight and a star in the sky. There is music in the air. Sweet singers pour out their songs and a celestial choir chants the Gloria in Excelsis. There is the crooning of an infant and the swan song of a saint. There are baby clothes, and expectant souls who stand on tiptoe in anticipation of the great event. Yonder is the great city asleep, unmindful of what is taking place, while a few are plotting for the Child's death. No wonder then that Christmas has captured the imagination of the artist, the poet, the story-writer.

It has formed the theme of the painter and in vivid colors he has portrayed the story and hung its pictures not only in the halls of our art galleries, but also upon the walls of our memories. It is doubtful whether any single event in the life of Christ or in all history has been so fully set forth in art as has the Christmas story. It is interesting to note that the great themes of the early artists were all derived from Christian sources. Christianity was the mother of art as well as of many other precious things. The early painters went to the Bible for their themes and for their inspiration. Their works were sermons in color. They were intended to express truth as well as beauty. They preached as well as pleased. Later on artists began to depict the beauties of nature, but at first the Bible was the treasure house from which they drew their ideas and ideals. If any of our young people have access to some art galleries in our big cities, it would be found interesting and instructive if they were to visit the same and study these masterpieces that pertain to the Christmas event. There would be found the Madonna, the Shepherds and the Angels, the Wise Men and others that the hand of genius has portrayed.

In contrast with these classic works of art how cheap must appear those crude pictures which are flaunted before our eyes on postal cards, in newspapers and periodicals! These highly colored pictures, portraying Santa Claus and other caricatures, are made to sell, to amuse, sometimes indeed to ridicule. How greatly we have deteriorated from the lofty heights of the great artists whose inmost souls were steeped in wonder, love and awe, and who painted in color drawn from their own life's blood! We have no great artists today because men have no passion to set forth truth in color. The painter must be a prophet, speaking to the eye, as does the preacher to the ear.

Christmas has also been set forth in song. Those who bent low over the manger cradle were all singers. Mary burst forth in her beautiful Magnificat, Zacharias in his sweet Benedictus, the angels in their heavenly Gloria, and the aged Simeon in his Nunc Dimittis. The Christ Child was

born amid a flood of melody. Down across the centuries the story of Christmas has been sung. How rich our hymnody is with Christmas songs! These hymns are the treasures of the Church of Christ, and all folks, old and young, love to sing them. The Christmas service might well be one of song. It would be very good to take the Hymnal of the Reformed Church and sing the hymns which have been selected for the Christmas season. It is needless here to call attention to these precious hymns. They are found in every hymn-book and nowhere more fully than in our own Hymnal.

When one compares these classic hymns with some of the cheap, tawdry stuff that is put forth by some publishing houses and sold to our Sunday Schools, and which the children are to rehearse for weeks in advance, it is a wonder that Church officials still tolerate that sort of thing, and do not fully and completely turn to the great hymns which pertain to the Christmas season and the Christmas fact.

Christmas has likewise become the theme of story writers. It holds a high place in the world's literature. Some of the great Christmas Classics are: Milton's "Ode to the Nativity," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Dickens' "Christmas Carol," Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man." And there are many others in poetry and prose, whose themes are drawn from the Christmas story.

With such a wealth of art, song and story available for our use and profit, we should be able to celebrate Christmas in a manner that would make it the happiest and holiest day of all the year. Let us get away from the more worldly aspects of this festival of the year and make it, as it really is, Christ's Day. Let us honor Him on His Day. Let us rejoice on the birthday of our Lord and give Him the praise and glory.

Woman's Missionary Society News

Helen B. Ammerman, Editor
1331 Center St., Ashland, Pa.

Christmas Greetings to every far and near nook of the world to which this "Messenger" goes. May those serving in lonely places, likely hard pressed by perplexing and financial circumstances, still experience in the soul the Angels' Song of Peace and Good Will, even though the physical joys and material frolicking may be absent this year. What if there were no Christmas! What then would be our condition in life? To have no Christ fostering in man the spirit of love, world brotherhood and sacrifice; to live only by the letter of the law; to have no Christ blessing little ones; no guiding and comforting of older ones; no perfect ideal to imitate; no New Testament in our homes; no Lord's Prayer to pray; no sharing of Christian love; no striving to attain higher callings—how dark this world would be! It is Christ's love and power in the world that transforms heathen homes of dark superstition into havens of hopeful worship that transcends the demon worship of the idolator. It is Christ's wisdom and His divine value placed on both sexes that unveils the Moslem woman's face, for centuries hidden from the sunshine. It is Christ's patience and loving kindness that knocks at the doors of men's hearts and gently seeks entrance. Let us, in turn, bid Him not only enter our hearts, but with simple faith ask Him to command them.

Anniversaries. A day long to be remembered for its happiness and inspiration was the event of the 20th anniversary of the W. M. S. of Tom's Brook, Va., Rev.

C. E. Robb, pastor. A large assembly attended the all-day sessions. The society was organized during the pastorate of Rev. L. N. Wilson, now located in Berlin, Pa. The presence of these friends and a reminiscing address by Mrs. Wilson, first president, enhanced the joy of Christian fellowship. Miss Borden, present secretary, spoke on "Our Society Today," and stressed the necessity of intense loyalty in consideration of the unfinished task. Dr. Noss, of Japan, was the honored guest speaker, who preached a never-to-be-forgotten message. Of the 23 charter members, 15 responded to the roll call; 6 have been summoned to their eternal reward. The music was augmented by Rev. and Mrs. Barley, also former shepherds of the flock, and by the Massanutten Academy Glee Club of Woodstock, Va. Lunch was served in the Church. The closing service of prayer, praise and thanksgiving instilled a reconsecrated forward movement to greater service for the next 20 years.

The 40th anniversary of Miyagi Jo-Gakko Literary Society, of Sendai, Japan, was celebrated with an interesting and modern program. Perhaps we do not realize the type of programs given in the Orient upon such occasions. Therefore the numbers, omitting names of participants, are printed below: Opening address, piano duet from Reinecke, English conversation, "Mother Goose Rhymes," Chinese classics, piano solos, 2 folk dances, vocal solo from "Carmen," by Bizet, 2 Japanese plays, a chorus, "Rain," in part singing, scenes from "King Lear," by Shakespeare, and closing remarks by President Kriete. The program is a neat 3-page folder printed in English with a seal on the front page.

Thankoffering Services. In Selinsgrove, Pa., the program consisted of a pageant, "Thanksgiving is Thanksgiving," by the G. M. G.; a reading, "The Thankoffering Box;" a dialogue, "How Much You Love;" an address by the pastor, Rev. E. G. Kline, and special music. The W. M. S. and G. M. G. combined offering was \$32.

In Tom's Brook, Va., the pageant, "Upon Thy Altar," was rendered by the W. M. S. as the main feature in an appropriate service. Offering amounted to \$20.

Fisher's Hill combined its W. M. S. and G. M. G. in a helpful service. The very effective packet-play, "Kindles a Fire," delighted and impressed a large audience. The offering was \$23.

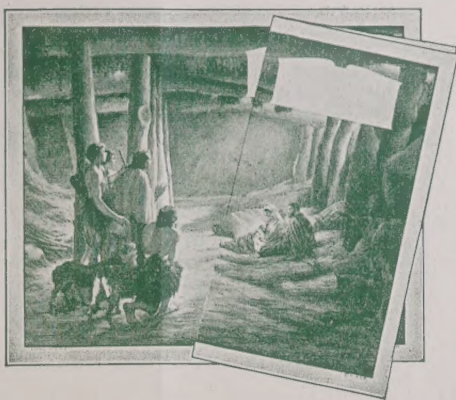
PHOEBE HOME, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Rev. F. H. Moyer, Supt.

The Christmas festival will be held on Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2.30 P. M. By that time the new building will be occupied by our family, and the festival will be held in the living room of that building.

For years some Sunday School accompanied by pastor and Church choir have been rendering Christmas music and recitations appropriate for the occasion. Familiar Christmas hymns are usually selected, and led by choir and Sunday School members, our aged family has been able to participate in the service. It is always a matter of gratification to have relatives and friends of our household attend this service. In former years when there was very little room but a small number of friends could be accommodated. This year there will be at least three times as much room as formerly and a most cordial welcome is extended to the friends of the Home to attend. The program will be in charge of the Junior and Primary departments of Salem Reformed Sunday School, Allentown, Pa.

Furniture has been placed into half of the bedrooms of the new building, for which the funds have already been provided. Individuals, Sunday School classes and congregations have been paying for the furnishing of a room or for certain articles of furniture for the living room or other portions of the building. We will buy ad-



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ditional furniture for bedrooms as rapidly as the funds are forthcoming for that purpose. A check for the furniture for a bedroom will be a very acceptable Christmas gift and it will hasten not only the furnishing of the building but also the admission of guests.

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anything for old age. They look to us for food and clothing and fuel. Our funds must be secured through the Relief ap-

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Laymen are puzzled because ministers, hoarse with shouting for every other cause, speak in a whisper about our retired ministers or do not speak at all.

J. W. Meminger, Secretary.

OUTSTANDING COLLEGE GRADUATES

"The Liberal Arts College Bulletin" gives some interesting facts with regard to notable living graduates of small colleges. In the percentage of living alumni whose names are included in "Who's Who in America," Franklin and Marshall College ranks 19th among all the institutions of the land. The editor of the "Bulletin," Dr. B. Warren Brown, asked a large number of institutions to list five of their outstanding graduates in order to determine more definitely the types of men and women turned out by small Christian colleges. He states that it was not intended to rank these as the most "distinguished" alumni; in fact, each college was asked to select those who "occupy different fields of activity." Many colleges, it is said, were embarrassed by riches, finding it quite impossible to select five, and easier to submit a much larger list of graduates of distinction rather than to make any arbitrary and possibly invidious selection. Among the reports made in answer to the above request, we note the following from Reformed Church Institutions:

Franklin and Marshall College: President Henry H. Apple; Dr. George W. Richards, President Theological Seminary; Justice William H. Keller, Pennsylvania Superior Court; Dr. Joseph H. Appel, Executive Head, John Wanamaker, N. Y.; Hon. William A. Schnader, Attorney General of Pennsylvania.

Heidelberg College: Dr. Alvin S. Zerbe, Theologian; N. M. Fenneman, Geologist; Dr. Henry J. Christman, President Central Theological Seminary; William F. Wiley, Editor; Royal Clyde Agne, President Huron College.

Ursinus College: Prof. Robert M. Yerkes, Yale University; Prof. Charles Groves Haines, University of California; Prof. Raymond G. Gettell, Dean of University of California; President J. Linwood Eisenberg, State Teachers College; Prof. Garry Cleveland Myers.

Cedar Crest College: Mrs. Irene Anwalt, former President W. M. S. G. S. of Reformed Church; Dr. Margaret Hassler, Physician; Mrs. Amanda Loucks Xanders; Mrs. Pauline Schaadt Koehler, Pianist; K. Roberta White, Executive Secretary; Anne Kepner, Secretary; Naomi Berg, Child Welfare Worker; Mrs. Bryson Burroughs, Research Librarian.

Hood College: Bertha McCall, Director Travelers' Aid; Sophie Kerr, Novelist; Edith M. Thomas, Home Economics; Mary Gerhard, Missionary; Nora Yost, Cafeteria Manager; Virginia Carty, Secretary Peabody Conservatory; Carrie M. Frey, College Teacher.

A LETTER FROM CHINA

(Continued from Page 2)

thankful than we can say to have heard within the past week that Miss Zierdt was actually on the field enroute to Shenchow. Yochow Hospital work with an improved organization and two Chinese doctors has given 1,283 dispensary treatments, 105 operations, had 853 in-patients, and given over 4,000 preventative treatments, in addition to the above. With overhead running higher than before and not as great

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President.

an increase in patients as expected, a financial campaign was launched in town and over \$1,000 realized towards the deficit. In order to get caught up the entire staff are at the present time taking a cut of 10% on salaries for a period of 15 months. The loss of Miss Krick has greatly increased difficulties, for the nursing school is without a head and the ward work is without proper supervision—an impossible situation.

Twenty-seven schools are under the direct charge of the China Missions and it co-operates in four union institutions in addition, which means that your workers in educational work have contacts of some sort with over 1,500 students. In these schools we supply a staff of a total of 97

teachers and professors. Of these all much more could be said in detail, for each school has its item of interest, each its obstacles, and each its encouragements.

I think if there is one longing which comes more often to us each one, secretly, and audibly as often as we dare make it so—for there is a such a thing as morale—it is the hunger for more workers. It has been so long since one has come—not a new one but even an old one returned—that we have come to feel more and more alone. We do not wonder whether we are at a hopeless task, for everything denies that; but we wonder that no one looks this way and longs to share the burden and the thrill.

For continued funds with which to carry

on without a painful cut, indeed we are more than grateful, especially when we know at what a price they are provided. For continued support and interest, of which these are evidence, we are even more grateful. For some to come and join us we plead with a sort of desperation, for it is the thing which swallows up every other need.

Greetings to you of the Reformed Church at home from the few of us out here and may we justify your faith in us and hope for us and may we all meet the demands of our day adequately as Christians.

Sincerely yours,

Grace S. Yaukey, Sec.

November, 2,
Yochow, Hunan, China

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Mrs. Henry W. Elson

The Andes Mountains were rocked Nov. 29 for a distance of 600 miles by two of the severest earthquakes in years. The casualties are low due to sparse population. The tremors were felt from a point opposite Copiapo on the Northern Chilean coast to Concepcion in the south.

The diabetes death rate in 50 American cities with a combined population of 31,000,000 has increased from 15.9 per 100,000 population in 1912 to 24.6 per 100,000 in 1931, the highest ever recorded in this country, according to a recent report. Poor diet is blamed for the "startling advance."

Representatives James C. McLaughlin, Republican, who had served since 1907 from Michigan, died suddenly in a hotel room at Marion, Va., Nov. 29.

Gari Melchers, one of the foremost American painters, who became internationally famous in the days of Sargent and Whistler and practised his art for more than half a century, died suddenly at his home in Falmouth, Va., Nov. 30. He received many decorations and medals from foreign governments, including the Legion of Honor of France.

By an overwhelming vote the American Federation of Labor convention Nov. 30 reversed its past policy and went on record as favoring compulsory unemployment insurance under State auspices.

Mrs. Lillian Pritchard Bigelow, wife of Poultny Bigelow, died at Malden-on-Hudson Dec. 1. The wife of the noted author was 66 years old.

Lieut. Gen. Kurt von Schleicher has been appointed Chancellor of Germany, in succession to Lieut. Col. Franz von Papen, the selection terminating a Cabinet crisis of 16 days' duration. The new Chancellor will be given wide powers by keeping the Defense Post and be Prussian Commissioner.

The Foreign Office of Bolivia has cabled the Bolivian legation in Washington an acceptance of the proposal by the Washington Commission of Neutrals to send a military mission to the Gran Chaco territory to aid in the settlement of the dispute with Paraguay over its ownership.

Removal of the Chinese capital back to Nanking from Loyang, where it was taken in February at the height of the fighting with Japan, has been announced by the Chinese Legation.

The government ended the 5th month of the fiscal year Nov. 30 with a deficit of \$751,311,442, as compared with an excess of expenditures over receipts of \$858,743,174 on the same date last year.

Colonel John F. J. Herbert, Prohibition administrator for the Territory of Hawaii, died at Honolulu Dec. 4.

Both branches of Congress met at noon Dec. 5 for the final session of the 72nd Congress.

Juan de Dios Martinez Mera was proclaimed President of Ecuador by Congress

Dec. 3 and was inaugurated Dec. 4. He will urge more liberal legislation in favor of the working classes.

Nearly a ton of air mail, a record and equivalent to about 80,000 letters, was carried recently by the London-India Plane Hercules, enroute to India. In addition there were 24 passengers and some freight.

Dr. George Brown, of Atlanta, Ga., burned his account books recently and told his patients to forget what they owed him. He had \$82,362 worth of due bills on his books.

Major James H. Doolittle, holder of many flying records, took off Dec. 5 as air ambassador of the 1933 Chicago World's Fair. Major Doolittle will carry fair invitations to the Mayors of 25 cities.

France and the Soviet Union have signed a treaty of non-aggression, both military and commercial. This follows close upon the ratification of a similar treaty between Russia and Poland.

King Gustav V., of Sweden, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his reign Dec. 8. Although he will be 75 next June, he plays tennis daily and is an active administrator.

One out of every 3 persons in England and Wales suffers from some degree of deafness, according to the report of the Ministry of Health on the deaf in Britain.

The work on San Francisco's great bridge will be started soon. It will be over the San Francisco Bay to Oakland and will cost \$75,000,000.

Indiana's first Congresswoman-elect, Mrs. Virginia Jenckes, of Terra-Haute, will take her seat on March 4. She has been a widow 11 years.

The attempt of Speaker Garner to force the Democratic plan for Prohibition reform through the House of Representatives the very first day of the "lame duck" session of Congress met with defeat Dec. 5, when his resolution for outright repeal of the 18th Amendment failed by six votes to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority to send it to the Senate. The vote was 272 ayes and 144 noes.

The evangelism commission of the Federal Council of Churches in America Dec. 5 at Indianapolis, advocated that the 26 denominations comprising the council engage in "an aggressive evangelistic advance during the next two years."

Mrs. Henry Ford has been recently re-elected president of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association in convention at Washington.

President-elect Roosevelt has taken out a \$500,000 life insurance to provide an endowment for the Warm Springs Sanitarium at Georgia.

A blanketing manufacturers' sales tax covering virtually everything but food, and an additional 11 per cent pay cut for federal employees was recommended to Congress by President Hoover in his final message Dec. 6.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Prize Loser, by Ellsworth Winters. Meador, 1932. 155 pp. Price, \$1.50.

A simple story of the Amish and Mennonites of Lancaster Co., Pa., during the World War, and immediately thereafter, together with several short essays on various subjects. It has certain local values, and much moralizing, but is not an important story by any means, yet touching many local customs which are not usually described by writers of stories about these quaint but sincere peoples, it has a contribution to make to local history. This it does in fine spirit. C. H. R.

Book of Common Worship, for use in the several communions of the Church of Christ. Edited by Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield, LL.D., Chairman of the Commission of Worship of the Federal Council of Churches, and the Rev. Oliver Huckel, S.T.D., Pastor of the Congregational Church, Greenwich, Conn. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. pp. 341.

Here is a book that will prove a treasure house for all who are interested in the subject of Christian worship. It is one of the most comprehensive collections of prayers and services for public and private use that we have seen. It was the ideal of the editors to make a Book of Common Worship that should be inclusive of the genius, spirit and faith of all Christian communions, comprising the "Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints." In this Book of Common Worship are included the early Greek and Latin Liturgies from which Calvin, Luther and the Church of England drew as one common heritage of the Christian Church.

This book represents more than two years of active research and preparation, and was nearing its completion at the time of the first meeting of the Commission appointed by the Federal Council, of which Commission Bishop Thirkield is the Chairman. This volume offers itself for voluntary use among any of the communions of the Church to whom it may commend itself.

The Table of Contents is so comprehensive that only a limited number can be noted in this review. The Orders of Worship—of which ten are given for morning, vesper and evening services. Declarations of Faith; Litanies—a rich collection covering nine different themes; General and Special Prayers for Common Worship, including prayers ancient and modern, special seasons and days, the new Social Order, Health and Healing, schools and colleges, etc. The Sacraments of the Church; Rites and Ordinances of the Church; The Psalter—carefully selected, omitting psalms out of harmony with Christian worship, preserving the rhythm, beauty and strength of the ancient poetic parallelism. Prayers for use in the Family, for Personal Devotions, etc.

So thoroughly have these editors done their work, that they merit the gratitude of the Church at large, as well as of all who find comfort in aids to Christian worship. —A. M. S.

NOTICE

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1932 Volume Two 1932
Edited by
Randolph E. Haugen

One of the most attractive religious publications of the season is the artistically illustrated magazine entitled "Christmas." It contains 48 pages filled with choicest articles by well known writers dealing with Christmas themes in a most interesting manner. It is printed on heavy gloss and eggshell papers, and has an artistic cover with a reproduction of Bethlehem as it appears today.

The publication contains five beautiful paintings suitable for framing. Three of these are by Dean Cornwell, one by the well known Robert Leinweber, and the frontispiece, an interesting nativity scene in full colors, by J. Ellingboe.

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A story big sister told Betty, John and Peter while they sat cross-legged before the fire-place on Christmas Eve.

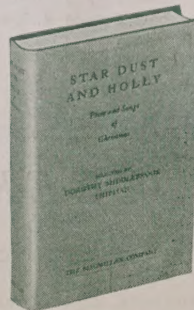
The Christmas Heretic and Other Stories

By J. Edgar Park. Price, 50 cents

Three stories glowing with the spirit of Christmas. Slightly reminiscent of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The characters are the sort of people who make up your neighborhood today.

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Made to order for the early holiday trade: a complete and delightful collection of poems and songs of Christmas from earliest times to today! \$1.75

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Poland, a land filled with poetry and legend, is the setting for these three lovely stories of Christmas. The strange, mysterious little boy who appeared in a peasant's hut on Christmas and who could not speak but only sing like a nightingale, the three brave children who gave a Christmas puppet show, and the small blind Anetka who asked for a lamp for Christmas—these are the children you meet in these tales.

Price \$1.00

Christmas Traditions By William Muir Auld. \$1.75

"Christmas Traditions" gives a complete account of the story of Christmas—its origin, its vicissitudes in different lands through the centuries, the Christian and pagan customs associated with it. Here we learn the history of the Christmas tree; the holiday use of mistletoe, holly, ivy and rosemary; the significance of the Yule log, gift-giving, Santa Claus and his numerous prototypes, Christmas bells. A unique feature is the inclusion of carols—Latin, English and German—the account of their influence on the various forms of celebrations.

Although Christian in spirit and historically accurate, this book is never obtrusively pious or sectarian. One can find in it information for which he would otherwise have to search far and wide.

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